

6<sup>d</sup>

PUNCH or The London Charivari—November 30 1955

6<sup>d</sup>

PUNCH OFFICE 10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4.



*for  
someone  
very special*

**\* LADIES!**

Drop him a hint,  
let him know  
which of these  
delightful cases  
you would  
choose!

An ANTLER companion case is the  
perfect Christmas gift.  
In four styles, they are priced as low  
as 63/-. Your ANTLER dealer will be  
glad to show them to you.

ask for **ANTLER**  
*to be sure*

J. B. BROOKS & CO., LTD., BIRMINGHAM



"... and we mustn't  
forget the McVitie  
and Price biscuits—  
Granny says she's had  
them at Christmas  
for over fifty years."

**DIGESTIVE  
Sweet Meal  
BISCUITS by**

**McVITIE  
& PRICE**



Makers of Finest Quality Biscuits

McVITIE & PRICE LTD. · EDINBURGH · LONDON · MANCHESTER



**By Royal Command**

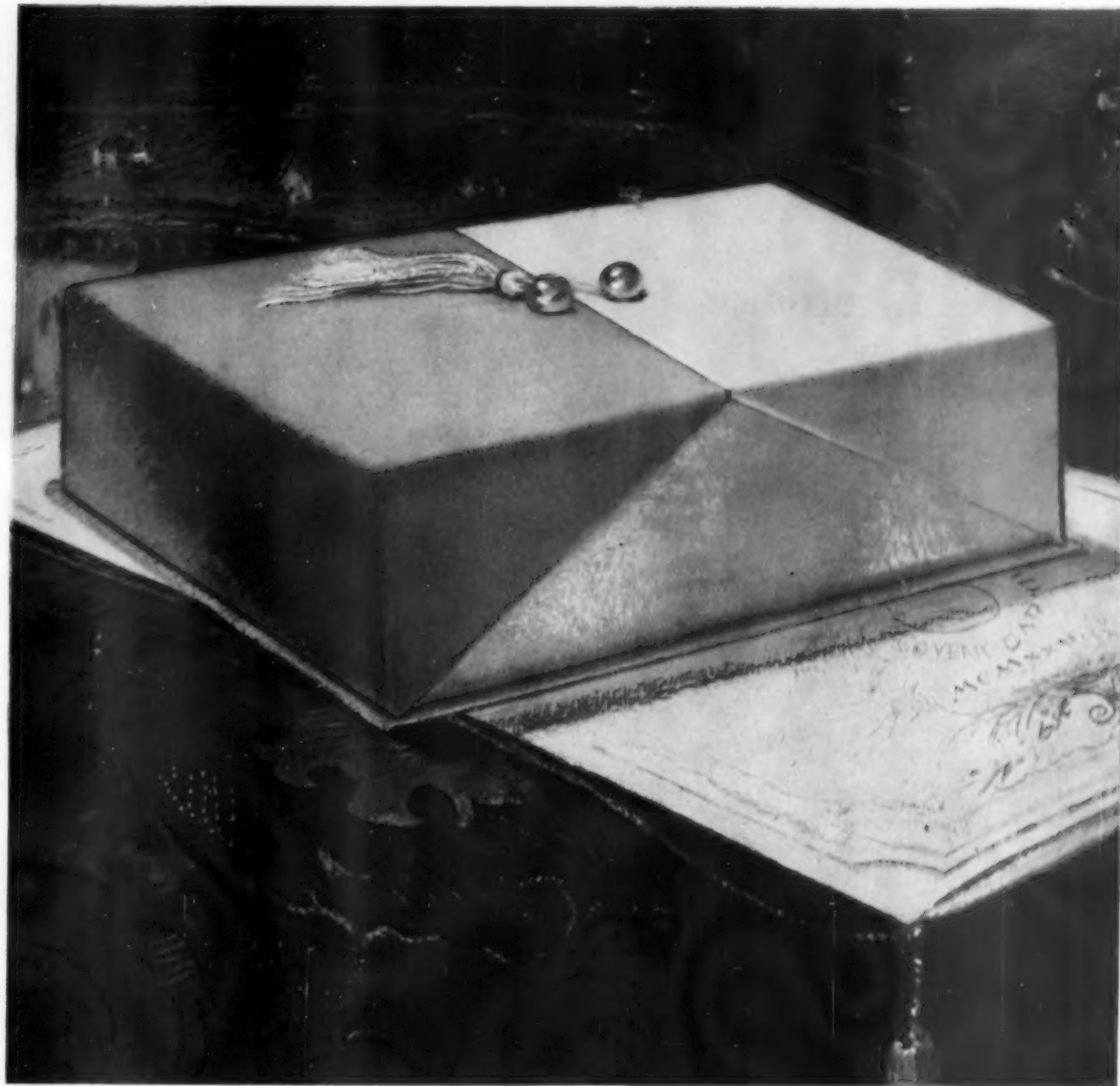
'Take a shop,' said the Prince, and Mr. Marcovitch, who,  
a hundred years ago, was making his cigarettes in an  
obscure room near Piccadilly knew that their excellence  
had made him famous. Ever since, Marcovitch Cigarettes  
have been made to the same high standards as won the  
approval of that Eminent Personage and his friends; they  
are rolled of the very finest tobacco, for the pleasure of those  
whose palates appreciate perfection.



*Marcovitch*  
**BLACK AND WHITE**  
*cigarettes for Virginia smokers*

25 for 5/5

Also **BLACK AND WHITE**  
**SMOKING MIXTURE**  
2 oz. tin 9/6



*Very special chocolates*

For special occasions you can buy no finer  
chocolate assortment than Cadbury's Continental.

A pound box costs half a guinea.

*Cadburys*  
**CONTINENTAL**





What is  
Christmas  
without  
Crawfords...?



The REAL

# CRAWFORD TARTAN SHORTBREAD



—and what better present than this  
—something special for someone very special

WILLIAM CRAWFORD & SONS LIMITED, EDINBURGH, LIVERPOOL & LONDON





By Appointment  
To Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II  
Bacon Curers  
C. & T. Harris (Calne) Ltd.

## Continuity...

IN THESE CONFUSED, fast-moving days how eagerly we hold to the past that is still with us—the old ways of doing things that time and the scientists have not “improved”. THIS CAN BE true of so simple a matter as the tangy scent of your breakfast bacon (if it be of that kind). That is starting the day as your fathers did—to their good health and your present well-being.

MUCH LIES IN the cure. True, the pig must be sound in every way, but beyond that you may make him commonplace or Lucullan by the way he is cured.

OVER 185 YEARS Harris have become famous through doing this exceedingly well.

# HARRIS

REGISTERED TRADE MARK

*famous for Bacon since 1770*



C. & T. HARRIS (CALNE) LTD., CALNE, WILTS.



above  
all  
else

**N**EAR the top of the Jungfrau, high in the sky where the clouds meet and mingle and the great white peaks rise proud and free, where the snow lies deep and the wind whispers a promise of the downhill run home, there — it is said — you will find the finest ski-ing in the world. There, too, you will find the finest skiers; men and women of all ages and a dozen nationalities . . . linked by their love of swift, sweet movement and their admiration of fine equipment. There you will certainly find Howard Flint Ski Clothes. See Flintwear for yourself today (or write for a free leaflet illustrating the complete range).

**HOWARD FLINT**  
SPORTS CLOTHING

HOWARD FLINT LTD · DEPT. 11 · AVERY HOUSE  
AVERY ROW · LONDON · W.1 · MAY 3282

Look for the Flintwear label when you buy . . .

*Flintwear*

C&G

*Make an Investment gift to your  
friends this Christmas.*

A selection of 500 different British Colonial stamps, price 21/-. Also 200 stamps, all different, of Queen Elizabeth the Second, price 30/- (magnificent portraits in colour of Her Majesty).

*A gift that will delight young and old and  
a sound investment. Post free to any part  
of the world, including the U.S.A.*

**COLLEGIATE STAMP**  
CO., LTD.

211, Strand, W.C.2.

*There is only one*

**LILLET**

*Le Meilleur*  
**APERITIF**  
*de la France*



*Now available in half bottles*

*Beauty takes a bow...*

Another masterpiece in pottery! The new "Dover" flower jug, which is available in Sylvan Green, Pink, or Blue Lustre, flecked with gold, will give that lively touch of colour to your home.



ROYAL BRADWELL WARE



If unable to obtain please write to:—  
ARTHUR WOOD & SON (Longport) LTD.  
Bradwell Works, Longport, Stoke-on-Trent.

*Sick people  
need protein  
to speed  
recovery*



Doctors recommend it  
in this partially  
pre-digested form

When people are ill or feverish they usually can't face food—and couldn't digest ordinary food, anyway. But, in fact, they *do* need nourishment—especially body-building protein.

That's exactly where Brand's Essence helps. Scientifically made from fine beef or chicken, it provides a valuable protein supplement to the diet, in a form and strength that will not overtax an invalid's digestion—a clear, fat-free jelly that is easily absorbed and *cannot* irritate.

This is because it is made in a way that saves the stomach the first process of digestion—it is, in effect, partially pre-digested.

More important still, by stimulating the digestive juices, Brand's Essence encourages *natural* appetite. Soon the patient can take more food. More food means more strength. The turn to quick recovery begins.

This twofold action makes Brand's Essence equally effective in minor ailments: 'flu, colds, a stomach upset, or when someone is off-colour or just "too tired to eat." Keep a jar of palatable, strengthening Brand's Essence on hand—so time-saving when there's extra work with sickness in the house.



Brand's Essence Chicken 4/3  
Beef 3/3

FROM ALL CHEMISTS



Get your washing **BONE dry**  
with the new  
**Tumbler Clothes Dryer**

**WHATEVER THE WEATHER!**

Yes, bone dry—or damp-dry ready for ironing if you wish—regardless of the weather.

Do your washing when you will and let the new ENGLISH ELECTRIC Tumbler Clothes Dryer get it dry for you—when *you* want.

Now you can take pride in your washing and pleasure in the drying. Morning, noon or night this latest aid to make life easier for *you* solves just one more of your many household problems.



**FREE** demonstrations willingly given at your local ENGLISH ELECTRIC Authorised Dealer or Electricity Service Centre. Attractive Hire Purchase terms are available. Cash price £50.0.0. Plus Purchase Tax £21.18.9.

**'ENGLISH ELECTRIC'**  
BRINGING YOU BETTER LIVING



The ENGLISH ELECTRIC Company Limited, Domestic Appliance and Television Division, East Lancashire Road, Liverpool, 10.



## How much does Noise cost you in reduced output?

Have you ever considered this question? Perhaps not, but you should, for the whine of machinery and the chatter of conveyor belts and trolleys are a daily strain on the factory worker. Unless this noise is reduced to a comfortable level, it can result in "noise fatigue" which causes absenteeism, lack of concentration and a reduction in output.

But, fortunately, noise can be reduced to a comfortable level simply, effectively and permanently



by installing Acousti-Celotex Tiles. They mop up unwanted noise as blotting paper does ink. They are inexpensive and can be put in without interfering with production. Their success has been proved in factories and offices the world over. If you suspect you have a sound problem, write to us and we will give you expert advice without obligation.

## ACOUSTI-CELOTEX

**absorbs unwanted noise**

MADE IN GREAT BRITAIN BY  
CELOTEX LIMITED, NORTH CIRCULAR ROAD, STONEBRIDGE  
PARK, LONDON, N.W.10 TELEPHONE: ELGar 5717 (10 LINES)

Here's the perfect gift for HIM!  
**PALMOLIVE**

## Rapid-Shave OUT-SHAVES ANY LATHER OR BRUSHLESS CREAM!



### QUICKER!

Rich, creamy lather without any brushing... Rapid-Shave halves shaving time, saves that early morning rush!



### SMOOTHER!

Off come the bristles like magic... never a scrape or pull! And he'll look really well-groomed all day long!



### CLEANER!

No messy brush, no greasy cream... and Rapid-Shave rinses off instantly, never sticks round the basin!



### HE'LL LOVE RAPID-SHAVE!

Give him Rapid-Shave and you're sure to please him... for there's three months' super shaving in every can! Rapid-Shave is concentrated... multiplies itself nearly ten times in lather, to give the quickest, smoothest shaving of all! Buy him Palmolive Rapid-Shave in the bright Christmas carton—6/9d.

**OUT-SHAVES ANY SHAVING PRODUCT EVER MADE!**

I don't feel human



till I've had my

**St. Raphaël**  
APÉRITIF



Suddenly, you are a different you... a refreshed and thoroughly cheerful you. The reason? One magic glass of St. Raphael. There's a real apéritif for you: French wines... blended by Frenchmen... seasoned as only the French know how. Delicious with gin—delightful alone. You should try it. ....22/- a bottle.



*In France they drink more St. Raphaël than any other apéritif—Now you can get it here!*

SOLE IMPORTERS:

F. S. MATTÀ LTD., 218/220 WESTMINSTER BRIDGE ROAD, LONDON S.E.1.

smartly  
packed  
for him  
this  
Christmas



Does he walk or cycle or drive a car?  
Does he play golf or watch football?  
If he ever spends days out of doors – and what man doesn't? – he'll be glad of a Carricap de Luxe. It looks smart. It's showerproof. It's easy to wear, and slips just as easily into the pocket. The Carricap de Luxe, in a choice of 19 colours, is packed in a smart Presentation box. It's just 15/6 (Inc. Tax) – though it looks a lot more expensive.

Carricap de Luxe  
Registered Des. No. 874971.  
Patents Pending.

William Carrick and Sons Ltd. (Est. 1790) Norfolk St, Carlisle, England.

Among a steadily growing circle

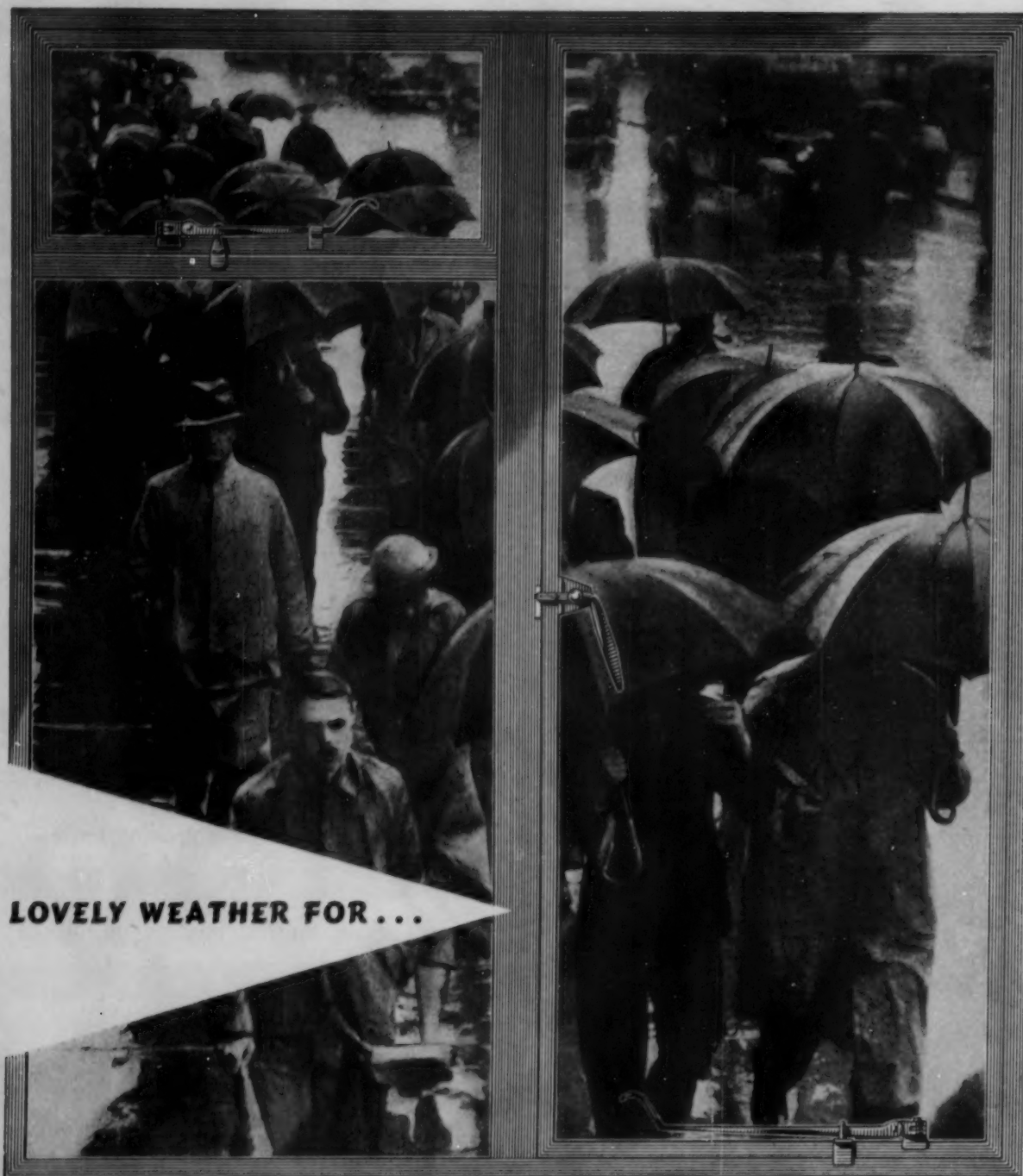
of wholly satisfied smokers, no tobacco

enjoys a higher esteem than



Player's "No Name"

(PMN 85)



LOVELY WEATHER FOR...

# CRITTALL

The sign of a  
well built house

**POSITIVELY RUSTPROOFED**

**WEATHERPROOF, WINDPROOF,  
ROTPROOF METAL WINDOWS**

Write to Crittall for a helpful booklet on Metal Windows • Branches and Depots throughout the country



Members of the Metal Window Association

THE CRITTALL MANUFACTURING COMPANY LIMITED • BRAINTREE • ESSEX





'Pick you up  
at eight as usual', he said.

And then . . .

Of course my regular 'lift' was most apologetic afterwards. He blamed his starter battery, but his garage man thought differently. "You can't blame a battery for letting you down in winter if you didn't get a really good one in the first place." Then he recommended a Crompton—built specially to carry you through the toughest winter.

Ask your garage for a



The standard starter battery with the best guarantee of all  
MADE BY CROMPTON PARKINSON LTD.

*You can tell a Vantella!*



You can always recognize its perfect manners! See how it studies your comfort, with its coat-style cut, its unshrinking neckband, its roomy chest. Observe its Van Heusen collars and cuffs—always suitably formal, yet never stiff. And observe its tactful price—just 49/-



**VANTELLA** *Repd.*

(with Van Heusen Repd. collars and cuffs)

The perfect shirt—made by **Cotella**

Pattern-card from A/M COTELLA, 1 LONG LANE, SE1



## A gift of good drink

Few presents are as certain to please as a case of wines and spirits. And few presents are as convenient to give. These wines are specially selected from our own cellars, packed and delivered—free—to any address in Great Britain

CASE NO. 1 Port No. 7, *ruby, medium sweet and full*;  
**£1. 19. 0** Sherry No. 6, *medium pale and dry*

CASE NO. 2 Sherry 'A', *flavoury, not dry, pale gold*;  
**£2. 5. 6** Port No. 7, *ruby, medium sweet and full*;  
Beaujolais 1952, *good body and flavour*

CASE NO. 3 Port No. 2, *well matured, dry tawny and full*;  
**£2. 17. 0** Sherry No. 6, *medium pale and dry*;  
Moulin d'Estelle, Graves, *dry and full*;  
Beaujolais 1952, *good body and flavour*

CASE NO. 4 Burgundy, Savigny, 1949, *good body and flavour, a fine example*;  
**£3. 15. 6** Sherry No. 12, Amontillado, *medium dry, full flavour*;  
Port No. 13, *very full flavour, deep colour, old-vintage type*;  
 $\frac{1}{2}$ -bottle Scotch Whisky Vat 'B' Army & Navy

CASE NO. 5 Sherry No. 19, *light golden Oloroso with medium body*;  
**£5. 8. 0** Port No. 7, *ruby, medium sweet and full*;  
Burgundy, Pommard, vintage 1949, *good body and aroma, well-developed*;  
Scotch Whisky Vat 'B' Army & Navy;  
 $\frac{1}{2}$ -bottle Brandy, Army & Navy 3-star, *well matured, flavoury, good bouquet*

Send for our wine list

**Army & Navy  
Stores**

**EVERYTHING FOR EVERYONE**

VICTORIA STREET SW1 · VICTORIA 1234 DAY AND NIGHT  
5 minutes' walk from Victoria Station



# Brush up your Shakespeare - 1



1 Which of the following wrote Shakespeare?

- (a) Max Bacon?
- (b) Christopher Marlowe?
- (c) Bernard Shaw?

2 'Rise to't good Elbow.' Was Elbow

- (a) A simple constable in *Measure for Measure*?
- (b) A simple device for lifting Flowers Bitter?



3 *Measure for Measure* — an essential character is Froth.

Would you

- (a) corroborate this statement?
- (b) complain to the landlord?

4 Why are we going all Shakespeare in this advertisement?

Because Flowers Bitter is born and brewed in Shakespeare-on-Avon.

# Knock back your Flowers BITTER



BREWED BY FLOWERS OF STRATFORD-ON-AVON

# A gift to warm the heart! Prunier

"Hostellerie" Cognac

France's finest liqueur brandy, in a superb gilt-decorated gift pack — with two fine glasses included free... here indeed is a truly original and heart-warming gift!

Available through your wine merchant, complete with glasses, at only 50/-

Presentation gift boxes of Prunier B & S Cognac, including two free glasses, also excellent value at 44/-



JAS. PRUNIER & CO. LTD.  
60 FENCHURCH STREET, LONDON, E.C.3.



complete the evening



with

# KUNZLE

Art Dessert  
CHOCOLATE  
ASSORTMENT

... like Kunzle Cakes —  
a compliment to good taste.

C. Kunzle Ltd., Birmingham, England

M-10 21

THE MOST  
*Satisfying*  
*Gift* OF ALL



CHRISTMAS PACKING



Punch, November 30 1955

# Constant



# Companion

Choose your watch as you would choose a friend: dependable, personal, a reflection of your own taste and activities. So whether as a present for yourself or for someone you love — choose Omega.

You will find no watch in the world more precise or more beautiful, or more worthy of being a constant companion.

Model 920 in 9ct. gold. Silvered dial with 14ct. solid gold raised figures. £37.17.6.



*Omega have been chosen to time the Olympic Games ever since 1932 and will time the 1956 Olympics in Melbourne, Australia. This is the highest recognition any watch has ever received from the nations of the world.*

Model 850/B in 18ct. gold with 18ct. gold bracelet. Silvered dial with 14ct solid gold raised figures, and sapphire crystal glass. £83.0.0.

Ω  
**OMEGA**

The watch the world has learned to trust

Some day you will own one

Omega Watch Company (England) Ltd., 26 Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. 1, will, with pleasure send you a list of their appointed distributors. Factories at Bienne and Geneva, Switzerland. Sold and serviced in every country in the world.

The prices quoted are pre Autumn budget and subject to increased Purchase Tax.



Hair Style by Antoine de Paris

**W**HY DO THE MOST SUCCESSFUL HOSTESSES-ABOUT-TOWN USE LYONS PURE COFFEE?

There's a very simple reason . . . Freshly ground coffee beans will only make the best coffee if the beans themselves are **fresh**. The coffee beans used by Lyons are roasted and ground at

the peak of their freshness, then the coffee is *immediately* aroma-sealed (by an exclusive Lyons process) in the well-known green tins. It is the freshest coffee you can buy.

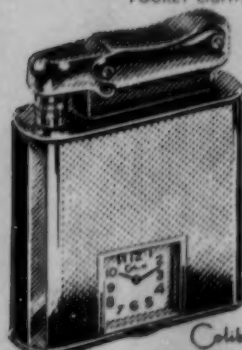


**LYONS FOR**

**REAL COFFEE**



Calibri  
POCKET LIGHTER



Calibri  
WATCH-LIGHTER

Calibri MONOPOL is a precision made lighter, with a Patented fully automatic action.

Calibri MONOPOL was designed to meet the demand for a really reliable automatic lighter.

Calibri Lighters are produced as table models (for the home or office), as pocket models and in the combinations: Lighter/Cigarette Case, Watch/Lighter (Swiss jewelled lever movement).

Calibri Lighters are available gold and sterling silver mounted (Hall marked), gold or silver-plated, enamelled and in other exclusive fine finishes from £2.4 to 32/6 with a written guarantee.

Calibri Sales and Service exist in 70 countries!

Calibri Products are obtainable wherever lighters are sold with pride. Full details, with the name and address of your local stockist, will be gladly supplied on request.

**Calibri MONOPOL**  
*In a class beyond compare!*

COLIBRI LIGHTERS LTD., 69/70 WARREN STREET, LONDON, W.1.



## Radiac's that kind of shirt!

There is comfort in the cut of them, luxury in the look of them—a man feels good in a Radiac shirt; tailored with infinite care, excellent as to fabric, fashioned for that feeling of ease. The woman in the picture gives her approval in no uncertain terms. She knows, positively, that a Radiac shirt is right for her man, that it is superbly washable, will launder with splendid crisp effectiveness every time. 'It's a handsome shirt', says she, 'for my handsome husband'. All Radiac shirts are guaranteed, of course.

This smiling satisfied fellow's wearing the famous Radiac 'Rex'. Costs rather less than 40/- with two semi-stiff collars. Extra collars and spare double cuffs obtainable if required.

Other Radiac coloured shirts (with Trubenised collars to match) from 26/6d. to 50/-. Also white shirts from 18/6d. to 36/6d.

# Radiac



McINTYRE, HOGG, MARSH & CO. LTD., LONDON AND MANCHESTER

Say "Noilly Prat"  
and your French  
will be perfect

Born and blended in France with all the traditional French skill in wine making. Then to reach its full graciousness allowed to mature for at least five years. That is Noilly Prat—true French vermouth at its best.

**In the Bar.** Ask for Gin and Noilly Prat, then you're sure of getting Gin and French.

**In the Home.** Here's how!  
Gin and French:  $\frac{1}{2}$  gin,  $\frac{1}{2}$  Noilly Prat.

SHORT NOILLY Neat with a zest of lemon peel squeezed into then dropped into the vermouth.

LONG NOILLY Two fingers of Noilly Prat, add ice, top with Soda.



**NOILLY PRAT**  
FRENCH VERMOUTH



BY APPOINTMENT  
TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN  
SOLE PRODUCERS  
NOILLY PRAT & CO





**DOWN TO EARTH**

Venus  
Mercury  
Mars  
Neptune  
Saturn  
Jupiter

After our exploration of the celestial planets, we come Down to Earth and reach our final objective—The Planet Building Society.

Founded in 1848, it has Assets of nearly £10,000,000 and Reserves of over £400,000.

Its shares stand at £1—always have done, always will do, for there is no depreciation. You can invest as much as (but no more than) £5,000 or as little as £1. Interest is paid half-yearly at the rate of 3% net per annum. The Income Tax is paid by the Society. There are no charges, and withdrawal, all or part, is easy. A fine, safe investment and also most convenient for saving small amounts.

For further information please write or 'phone.

## PLANET BUILDING SOCIETY

ESTD 1848

PLANET HOUSE, FINSBURY SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.2.  
(Tel: MONarch 8985)

**So very much better—  
for so very little more**  
**CHURCHMAN'S No.1**



C421

BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN,  
SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD.



*Between you and me*



what a man needs is

# Johnnie Walker

the smooth round whisky  
in the square bottle

*Born 1820—  
still going strong*



Maximum prices as fixed by the Scotch Whisky Association



By Appointment To Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II  
WINE MERCHANTS

*This Christmas...*

Give a case of wine from

## HARVEYS

of Bristol

Each and every one of these cases contains wines of fragrance and nobility from the famous "Bristol Milk" cellars. Choose with confidence from this selection which has been guided by the wine wisdom of 150 years—or send for the complete Christmas Case List, together with our illustrated brochure.

\* The charge includes carriage and packing, and any case will be delivered to any address in Great Britain in time for Christmas, if the order is received by December 14th.

### Case for Christmas Day—106/-

- 1 bottle Merienda Sherry, pale medium dry.
- 1 bottle The Abbot Port, very light tawny dry.
- 1 bottle Médoc Claret.
- 1 bottle Graves Supérieur.
- 1 bottle Harvey's Pirrot Champagne.
- 1 bottle Harvey's Hedgepick Sloe Gin.

### "Sportsman's" Case—88/-

- 1 bottle Select Shooting Sherry, full golden.
- 1 bottle Hunting Port, fine old tawny.
- 1 bottle Harvey's Golf Blend Scotch Whisky
- "The 19th Hole" (25 u.p.).

### Case No. 1—40/-

- 1 bottle Falanda Sherry, superior rich golden.
- 1 bottle Brown Cap Port, old tawny.

### Case No. 5—60/-

- 1 bottle Merienda Sherry, pale medium dry.
- 1 bottle Select Shooting Sherry, full golden.
- 1 bottle Club Port, old light tawny, special.



"Bright to the Last Drop"

## JOHN HARVEY & SONS LTD

Founded 1796

12, DENMARK STREET, BRISTOL 1. Bristol 2-7661  
London Office: 40 KING STREET, ST. JAMES'S, S.W.1. TR4 4436

★ "BRISTOL CREAM", the story of Harveys of Bristol, published by Putnam (18/-). Obtainable from your bookseller.

**Onoto - the gift of a lifetime!**



ONOTO—the present with a future! With 'piston-action' filling, a big capacity-reservoir; transparent ink-level indicator and a 14-carat gold iridium-tipped nib, an ONOTO is the perfect choice for Christmas... for him, for her... for everyone!

**The New Onoto..**  
the gift within the means  
of every pocket



With "piston-action" filling, ink-level indicator, big-capacity reservoir, iridium-tipped, 14-carat gold nib and push-on cap.  
**K.2. Price 42/-**

The perfect presentation pen with "piston-action" filling, visible ink-supply, 14-carat gold nib and rolled-gold, push-on cap.  
**K.1. Price 57/6**

Large-capacity reservoir, "piston-action" filling, visible ink supply, hooded 14-carat gold nib. The ideal pen for the junior user.  
**K.4. Price 25/-**

The pen for more conventional tastes, "piston-action" filling, large ink capacity, and iridium tipped 14-carat gold nib.  
**K.3. Price 35/-**

All models in the ONOTO pen range are also available as presentation sets, consisting of pen and propelling pencil to match, in handsome silk-lined case.

Don't forget—ONOTO pens still remain at their original prices.

A De La Rue Product

# The Rolls-Royce way to Stockholm, Oslo and Copenhagen



*The visit, apologies to Giovanniotti and Punch*



## Non-stop and fastest by BEA Viscount

When you fly BEA to the Northern Capitals, they really put down the red carpet for you. You fly non-stop and fastest in the wonderful Viscount, powered by its four Rolls-Royce engines. You enjoy admirable food and drink. You have both steward and stewardess service. Flying BEA Viscount is a new experience in air travel. Which is why Lord Strathalmond, Chairman of the British Petroleum Company, said, after a recent flight, "I could not have wished for anything

better in terms of both aviation and comfort." Consult your Travel Agent about the Rolls-Royce way of flying and ask too for details of the BEA Car Hire Plan. **STOCKHOLM** 6 services weekly—in 4½ hours (on Monday and Saturday non-stop 3½ hours). Tourist return fare £50.17.0. **OSLO** 4 non-stop services weekly. 3 hours' flight. Tourist return fare £42.6.0. **COPENHAGEN** 6 non-stop services weekly. Only 2½ hours. Tourist return fare £39.3.0. Fares quoted are from London Airport Central.

# fly BEA VISCOUNT



B R I T I S H E U R O P E A N A I R W A Y S





## *No pottering down the pot-hole*

The Pot-holer, in common with other enthusiasts of the more arduous and uncomfortable forms of sport, knows the value of reviving, stimulating coffee at appropriate intervals! Nescafé naturally appeals to him. No pottering with coffee-pots; but *instant* coffee, perfectly made. This quickness is not only convenient; it means that the coffee is *fresh*, lively with fragrance and hearty flavour. Why not try Nescafé yourself? You'll find, among its other merits, that it is a most economical way of making good coffee.



*there's always time for*

**NESCAFÉ**  
100% PURE COFFEE

ANOTHER OF NESTLÉ'S GOOD THINGS



## CHARIVARIA

**A** WELL-TIMED newspaper article on tests now given to candidates for the Foreign Service mentions one two-and-a-half-day examination which begins with the official assurance that "no conclusions" will be drawn from a man's behaviour at the table. It seems wise, however, in view of recent disclosures, not to finish up under it.

### Can't Everybody Join?

BIRMINGHAM's new civil defence centre, inaugurated last Saturday, not only provides accommodation underground in a headquarters of gamma-ray-proof concrete for members of the



police, fire, ambulance and civil defence services, where they will eat and sleep in safety and breathe conditioned air purified of radioactive dust, but promises to be a useful incentive for recruiting in the police, fire, ambulance and civil defence services.

### O Come, All Ye Faithful

REPORTS of Dr. Graham's mission to Cambridge, emphasizing that his appeal was more to women students than to men, silence critics who say that only M. Dior can imbue the modern girl with Christian feelings.

### Enough Said

POETS whose work is out of copy-right are more and more likely to find themselves mixed up in advertising copy nowadays, an honour currently being done Bishop Heber by a British hotel quoting "Where every prospect pleases" as an enticement to guests. There is nothing against this, of course, provided the management, wary in their

recruitment of staff, make sure that departing visitors end the quotation there.

### Unkindest Cut

THE Polish people received with delight the announcement that the seventy thousand forms in use by the Government were to be reduced, though some measure of depression returned when they learned that one intention was to reduce the "Life History" form from eight pages to four.

### O'er Moor and Fen

MOTORISTS intrigued but not yet fully informed about Mr. Ferguson's new car have at least one cause for satisfaction in the news that it "is designed to travel smoothly over the roughest countryside." They welcome any attempt to relieve congestion on the roads.

### Keeps Asking if his Wallet's Safe

THE importance of colourful décor in hospitals is emphasized in the *Journal of the Institute of Hospital Administrators*; it not only improves ill-proportioned rooms, camouflages ugly features and brings in an element of



brightness and cheerfulness, but speeds recovery, reduces strain and inspires confidence. Except, of course, for patients with lots of time to price the paintwork, value the murals and start fretting about another jump in their National Health contributions.

### Definition

IT is hard to know nowadays exactly when a state of war exists between

nations. A rough-and-ready rule regretfully adopted by students of the El Auja situation is that peace prevails as long as you keep saying you haven't attacked; war when you begin claiming that you have.

### Golden Notes

MANY people who feel the commercialization of art to be alien to its essential spirituality were momentarily cheered by last week's report of the ban on Blackpool by brass bands. More than seven hundred bands, on the orders of their associations in Scotland, Wales, Northumberland, Yorkshire,



Durham and the Midlands, swore that they wouldn't blow a note in the place—but that is not the point. It was the nature of their provocation that mattered: namely, the fact that a local band which played in Stanley Park all summer had actually paid for the privilege of doing so. This seemed a splendid, altruistic thing, until it turned out that the fee paid was ten pounds for the season, and carried with it the right to retain all takings.

### Drawing-boards Extra?

COSTS to date of the V1000 transport aircraft are estimated by the Minister of Supply at about two million, three hundred thousand pounds out of public funds. You could nearly get a Brabazon for that.

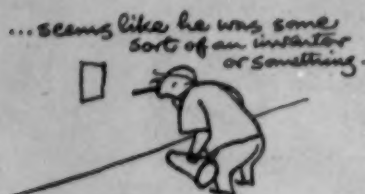
### Welfare All the Way

ALL that trouble at Worthing, where council house tenants were to have been flung out for keeping their cars in the front garden, has now been settled by

a plan to provide garages at corporation expense. Nothing more is likely to be heard from this quarter until new tenants start demanding cars to go in them.

### Epoch-maker

SHORTLY to be unveiled is a plaque on Chester town hall inscribed "In this building on June 26, 1890, William Friese-Greene, inventor of the cinematograph, showed the first moving picture film to be successfully taken and projected." Expected to decline invitations



to the ceremony are many film publicity men, unable to associate themselves with the moderation of the language.

### Fly to Keep Fit

MEMBERS of the Low Speed Aerodynamics Research Association heard an interesting paper from Mr. B. S. Shenstone the other day, making it clear that a man-propelled aircraft is perfectly practical. Pedalling with both hands and feet, particularly if there were a number of passengers all doing it, would provide a motive-power well equal to the job and, in fact, "A multi-manpowered aircraft could be built now." The only difficulty would be the hurried redrafting of present airline publicity.

### Another Big Economy

THERE have been isolated expressions of disgust over the affair of Norley Bank school, Liverpool, which after four reconstructions and a cost of thirty-five thousand pounds to tax- and rate-payers has now been marked down for demolition without ever having had a pupil. Most people, however, are merely thankful about the amount saved in taxi-fares.

### Reith Lectures

So truly English, is it not?  
The Lectures founded by a Scot,  
The German striving to impart  
The Englishness of English Art.

## THE VISIGOTHIC PACT

FOR the first time for twenty-five years there is to-day no major war anywhere in the Empire. In view of that the unfortunate frontier incident in which last week Alaric captured Rome and massacred some fifteen thousand persons is the more to be deplored. This news should serve both to dispel complacency and to convince those who need conviction that peace cannot be had for the asking. Peace has to be earned.

The frontier of the Empire runs along the Rhine and the Danube. While of course in no way abandoning any *de jure* claim to our legal frontiers, yet, since the Visigoths have penetrated into Italy as far as Rome, it would not be reasonable to expect them *de facto* to return to their original Illyrian homes. Yet this problem, like other problems as apparently intractable, is not incapable of solution if approached in a spirit of realism. But it can only be solved if both sides come to the conference table prepared to compromise. It is not for us to prejudge the question where exactly the new frontier should run, but we must frankly face the fact that, whatever may be the theoretical rights, the actual position to-day, when Alaric is in occupation of Rome, is somewhat different from what it was in 403 when Stilicho had driven the Visigoths out of

Italy into Illyria. If the Imperial Government, while firmly maintaining its rights, is nevertheless prepared in fact to content itself with the occupation of somewhat less than the full territory of the Empire, it is much to be hoped that the Visigoths, in a similar spirit of generosity, may not insist on massacring the entire population. Both Powers could then, in a non-aggression pact, guarantee the new frontiers, pending free elections.



In the reply of Alaric to the Ambassadors last Saturday we can surely find some grounds for hope, if not for confidence. In judging Alaric's phraseology we must, of course, allow for "the idiom of the Visigothic mind." Such a phrase as "leave them nothing but their eyes to weep with" has to Roman ears a certain harshness and brutality, but it does imply something short of universal massacre—a willingness to concede a measure of co-existence.

The Imperial Government must insist that the Visigoths refrain from the desecration of religious buildings. It is true that evidence shows all too clearly that promises to this effect in the past have not been universally kept. For that reason it is necessary, before the Romans surrender their arms, that they insist that these promises be repeated. Mutual confidence is the only sure foundation of lasting peace. C. H.

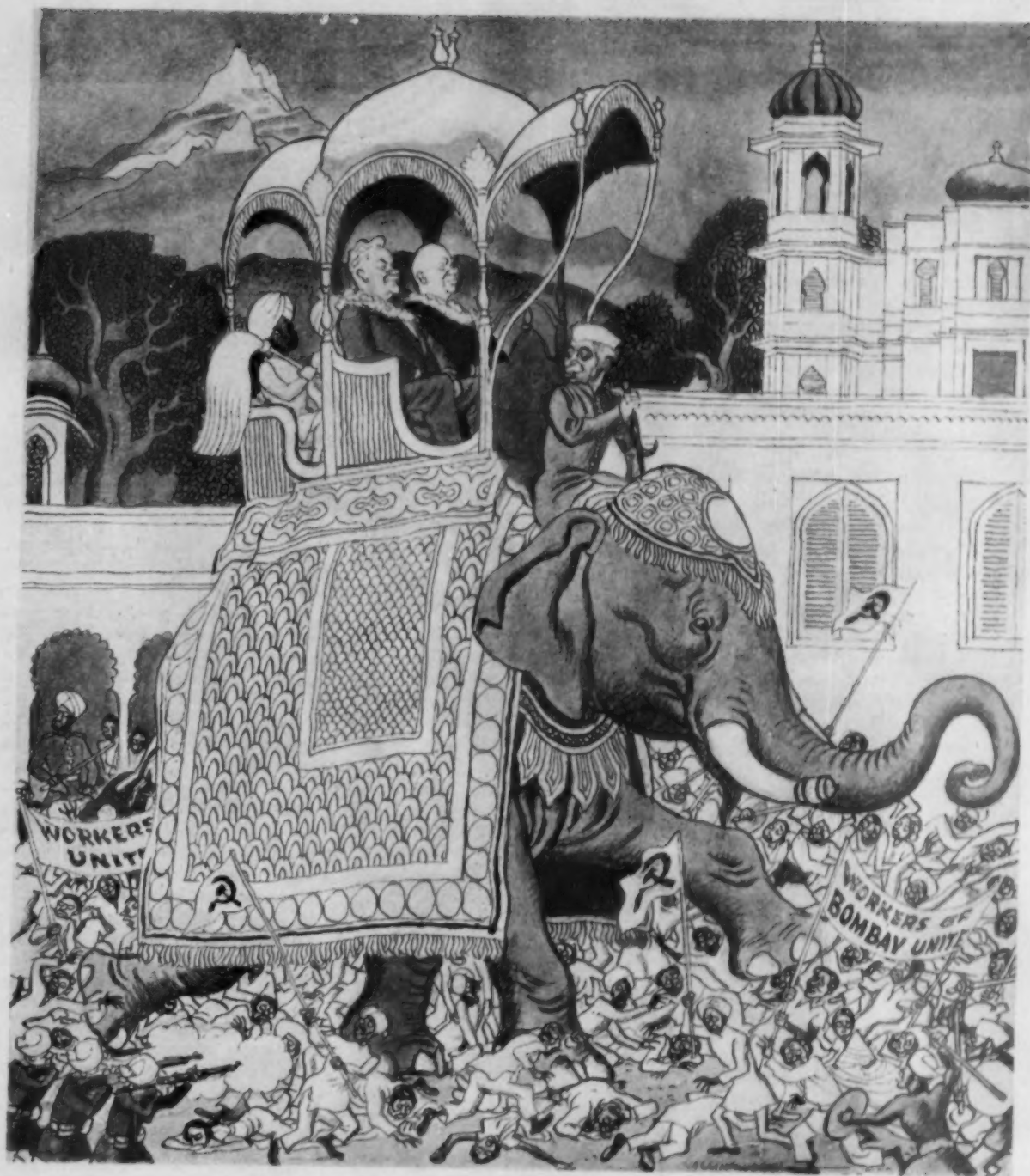
### Cultured Pearls Before Swine

WHEN the question was debated,  
Both the Lords and Commons  
stated  
That the English air would never be  
disgraced,  
For the standards of transmission  
On commercial television  
Would depend upon the splendid  
English taste.

So we won't have the Hallé,  
Or poetry, or ballet—  
They drive the sturdy English to  
despair.  
There's really no divergence  
Over how to sell detergents,  
So let's hound culture off the air!  
B. A. Y.







"Monday's riots [in Bombay] cast a shadow on the ritual of welcome."—Daily Telegraph

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## BRITISH PLAYERS HERE

### AMUSING FARCE AT MOSCOW'S ART THEATRE

LAST week I journeyed more than eight hundred miles to our capital for the opening night of the British *Hamlet* (by Shakespeare), and was rewarded by my funniest theatrical experience since joining the *Comrade's* cultural reporting team. "Hamlet" is the English word for a small town, but there was nothing small-town about this sparkling performance by comedian Scofield and his company of drolls.

#### Special Headphones

The large audience of office and factory workers missed nothing of the fun by not understanding the language. Translations through specially supplied headphones captured every nuance of the wit, and at one point in Act Three, where one of the clowns pretends to kill another by pouring poison in his ear, the interpreters themselves were laughing unashamedly, and the subsequent passage between Hamlet and the "straight man," Horatio, had to go un-

translated. It was here that our Minister of Culture, in his stage box, was forced to remove his headphones for a time, and wipe his streaming eyes. This lapse by the interpreting team was understandable. They have been engaged previously at United Nations and other international conferences, and naturally had some difficulty in making the transition from grave to gay.

#### Straight Faces

In the main they gave sterling service, and never more so than in the longer comic speeches, where only a short summary was given, and the audience left to enjoy the miraculously straight faces of the players. When, for example, Prince Hamlet speaks aloud his plans for the jape on his uncle, the headphones merely dropped the hint, "Should he, or shouldn't he? It's a tough one"—and the actor's pretence of gravity did the rest. Similarly, Gertrude (Hamlet's former mother) maintained a statuesque detachment with side-splitting effect.

As with all farces which survive the test of time (*Hamlet* was written during the reign of Boris Godunov) the essence of the fun is mainly situational, though the story—if it can be so called—derives much of its laughableness from the author's inspiration of using kings, queens, statesmen and courtiers as his butts.

#### Bedroom Scene

The hilarious bedroom scene, with the King, the Queen, the Prince and the Lord Chamberlain chasing each other round the bed and through the curtains, would lose much if the characters were simply members of a working-class household; and when Polonius pretends to be killed—superb clowning, this, with the deliciously unconvincing cry of "O! I'm dead"—and Hamlet removes the "body," laugh piles on laugh at the spectacle of a prince (as straight-faced as ever) dragging a high Court official across the royal carpet.

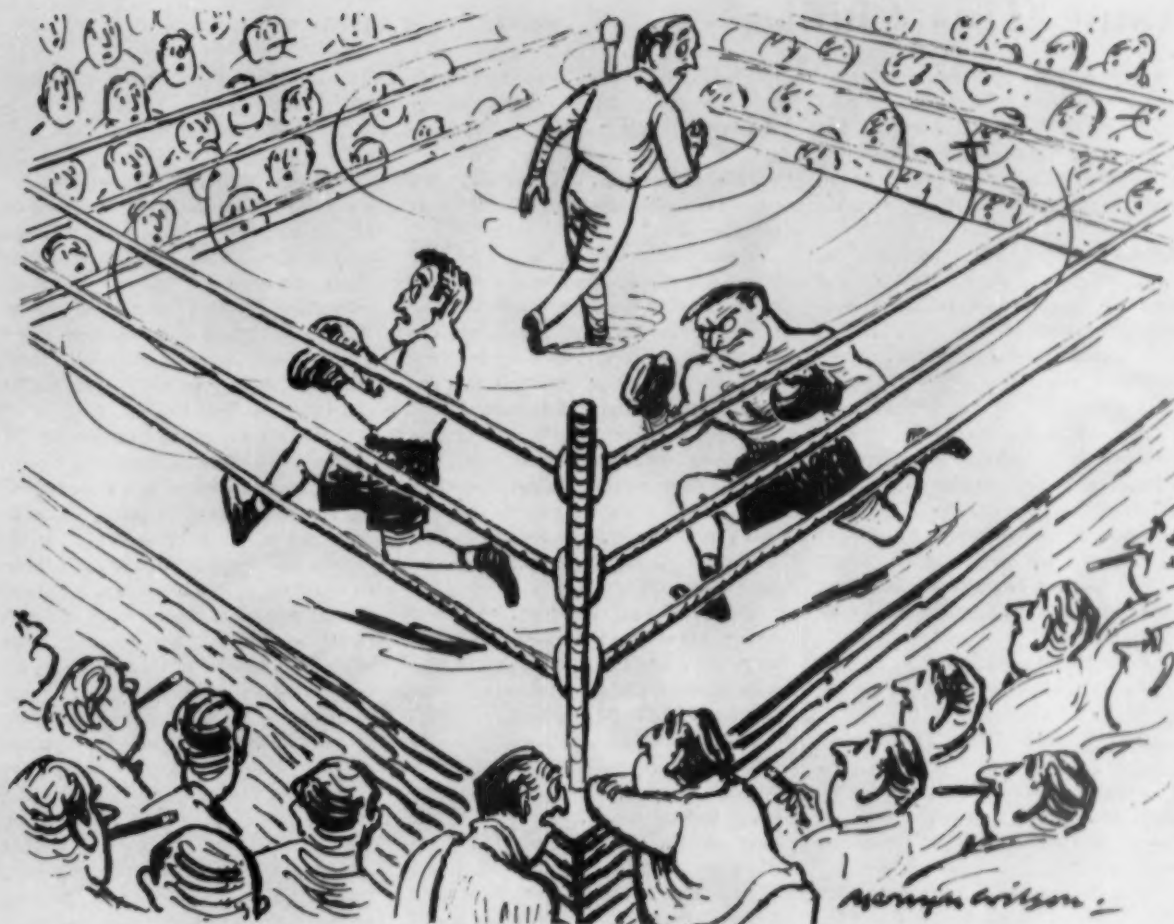
The plot is slight. Hamlet is in love with Ophelia, a neurotic young grave-digger. King Fortinbras, his stepfather, is opposed to the match because Ophelia's brother Yorick, a strolling actor, once poured a flagon of Rhenish on his head and he fears that Ophelia might show a similar turn of humour if received into the family. Intending to frighten Fortinbras into giving his consent, Hamlet, with the aid of the sentries Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, dresses up as a ghost, but the plan by an ingenious dramatic twist miscarries, leading to a riotous dénouement which, to recount here, would only spoil the play for those who have yet to see it.

#### Bubbling Enjoyment

However, it is the language rather than the construction of this well-known British author's plays which has earned them their deserved popularity. How much of this was lost in translation it is, of course, impossible to say. I suspect very little. I managed to jot down one or two of the shorter dialogue



"Corrupt to the last, Detective-Sergeant Fosdyke."



"Remember the trouble we had to get him to do any road work?"

passages as they came to me over the headphones. From the burlesque fencing scene in Act Five, as one example, I should like to quote the following:

HAMLET: Take that.

LAERTES: Missed me. Take that.

HAMLET: Miles off. Nothing like it.

LAERTES: I think the Queen's just died.

HAMLET: The King, too—it's the poisoned wine, you know. Got you!

LAERTES: A scratch, that's all.

HAMLET: That's what you think.

LAERTES: O! I'm dead.

HAMLET: That makes three.

These crisp exchanges, supported by the antics and grimaces of the contestants, occasionally touched with the

pathos that makes a really great comedian, keep the enjoyment constantly bubbling. As a model of cumulative comic effect the mounting toll of "corpses" just before the last curtain falls, each actor contributing his individual twitch and writhe as he strikes the stage, should prove a valuable lesson to all our native farce-writers. In the end, of course, it is a lesson of moderation. Four "deaths" to round off the fun is a shrewdly-judged number. More might have been absurd.

#### Famous Theatre

All in all, the British visit has proved a most valuable cultural occasion, and the company are to be congratulated on so successfully surviving the transplantation from their own famous theatre, the Old Victoria Palace, London.

It was encouraging to learn, in the evening's closing announcement through our invaluable headphones, that plans are now afoot to bring some of the Shakespeare tragedies to Moscow, possibly beginning with that masterpiece of the macabre, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

"BERLIN, Friday. Pretty 26-year-old Martha Wilke sat up in hospital to-day and said: 'Working as a man was great fun. It was just bad luck being found out . . . I will not give up bricklaying if I can help it' . . . For 10 years Martha left home dressed as a man . . . She was first a learner, then a qualified bricklayer . . . Her mates believed she was a man . . . Said a workmate: 'She laid 700 bricks a day, was always on time, and never knocked off a minute too early . . .'"

Daily Express

Wouldn't have deceived anybody here.



# Name This Child

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

A WRITER in *Variety* the other week was telling the story of Frank Lovejoy, the movie star, stressing the trouble he had in hitting on a name which the studios would accept as a suitable name for a movie star.

"We meet producer resistance," his agent told him, "on account of your name. What they want to-day is sound names, like Rock Hudson, Tab Hunter, Rory Calhoun and so on."

"Stab Zanuch?"

"Not bad."

"Max Million?"

"Better still. That's got it."

But a week later he had a telephone call from the agent.

"Max Million speaking," he said.

"It better not be," said the agent.

"The trend has changed. They don't want sound names any more, they want sincere names."

"Like Abe Washington?"

"Abe Washington is fine."

"Or Trust Cooners?"

"No, I think Abe Washington's better."

For some days Abe Washington went about feeling that prosperity was just around the corner, but the telephone rang again.

"Sorry, Frankie," said the agent, "but the trend has changed again. They want geographical names, like John Ireland."

So Frank Lovejoy became George Paris, and all seemed well, with the sun smiling through and all that sort of thing, but his happiness was short-lived. The agent rang up to say that there had been another shift in the party line and the trend was now toward familiar names like Gary Stewart, Alan Gable

and Jimmy Ladd. It was a most difficult and complex situation, and the heart bleeds for Frank Lovejoy.

Mine more than most people's, for I have been through the same sort of thing myself.

When I first went to New York and decided to stay on there on the strength of having sold two short stories, one to *Collier's Weekly*, the other to the *Cosmopolitan*, it was not long before I made the unpleasant discovery that my stuff, though bright and grammatical, was not everybody's dish. After that promising start both *Collier's* and the *Cosmopolitan* weakened and lost their grip. I had a certain facility for dialogue and a nice light comedy touch—at least I thought it was nice—but I seemed unable to click.

Quite suddenly I spotted what was wrong. It came to me like a flash one morning when I was having a malted milk shake at the drug store round the corner. I had been labelling my stories "by P. G. Wodehouse" and this at a time when a writer who went about without three names was practically going around naked. Those were the days of Richard Harding Davis, of Margaret Cushman Banning, of James Warner Bellah, of Earl Derr Biggers, of Charles Francis Coe, Norman Reilly Raine and Orison Swett—yes, really, I'm not kidding—Marden. And here was I, poor misguided fool, trying to crash the gate with a couple of contemptible initials.

No wonder the magazines would not take my work. In anything like a decent magazine I would have stood out as conspicuously as a man in a sweater and sneakers at the first night of the Opera.

Two days later I was typing on a clean white page.

SOMETHING FRESH

BY

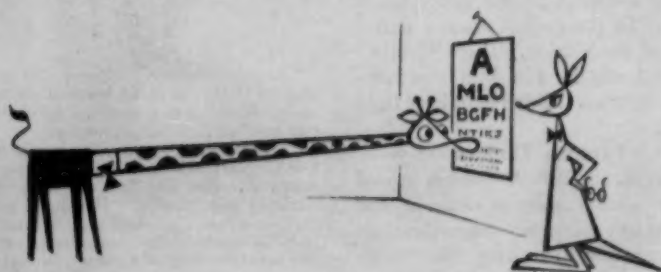
PELHAM GRENVILLE WODEHOUSE

and I had a feeling that I was going to hit the jackpot. It seemed incredible to me that all this while I should have been chucking away an income-producing combination like Pelham Grenville Wodehouse. It put me right up there with Harry Leon Wilson, David Graham Phillips, Arthur Somers Roche and Hugh McNair Kahler.

If you ask me to tell you frankly if I like the name Pelham Grenville Wodehouse, I must confess that I do not. I have my dark moods when it seems to me about as low as you can get. I was named after a godfather, and not a thing to show for it but a small silver mug. But I was born at a time when children came to the font not knowing what might not happen to them before they were dried off and taken home. I was probably lucky not to get something wished on me like Hyacinth Augustus or Albert Prince Consort. And say what you will of Pelham Grenville, shudder though you may at it, it changed the luck. *Something Fresh* was bought as a serial by the *Saturday Evening Post*, purely, I have always thought, because of the author's name. It would be a tough editor who could refuse anything by Pelham Grenville Wodehouse.

Twenty-one of my books were serialized in the *Saturday Evening Post*, and after the fourth I felt safe in going back to "P. G. Wodehouse." It caused something of a panic in the office, I believe, and a sharp drop in the circulation and advertisement revenue, and I was given to understand that by washing out the "Pelham Grenville" I was obtaining money under false pretences, but one cannot consider editors' troubles when it is a matter of winning back one's self-respect.

But you will be wanting to know how Frank Lovejoy made out and what name he finally decided on. The agent came to him and said that the trend had changed again and what they wanted now was names that combined such things as happiness, love and joy. So he called himself Frank Lovejoy.



ROY DAVIS



*Possible solution to the parking problem*



*"First you complain of being all cooped up in that big glass building in New York . . ."*

## A Slight Case of Asthma

By ANTHONY CARSON

**H**IS name was Mr. Billings and he lived next door to me in the Starfish Hotel at Brighton. I could hear him coughing all the time, and sometimes he wheezed downstairs to the dining room and pecked at a chop. He was a shy man and avoided everyone's eye, but you could see that he was a man of experience and means. The Starfish faces the sea, and I often used to see him standing at the hotel entrance, muffled up to the eyes, cautiously sniffing the Brighton breeze. Then he would climb upstairs and cough in his little room. The entire hotel, which was quite small, smelt faintly of medicaments. One morning, a mild autumn day, I passed him at the front door and he was tapping the barometer. "Too boisterous," he murmured and disappeared. They were the first words he spoke to me. A few days later an ambulance called and he was taken to hospital. Everyone said he was dying,

and they said how nice Mr. Billings was, and how they would miss his coughing.

"A bit of an enigma, Mr. Billings," said the manager to me one day. "Nobody knows anything about him, except that he's travelled. His baggage is covered with labels. Spain, and all that. If he ever comes back, try to open him up."

I soon forgot all about Mr. Billings because I was writing a book. I sat at the bedroom window watching people being blown up and down the front and wondering about all the things you could do in the world if you didn't attempt to write about them. Although a sensible writer should always make a point of constructing a steel-reinforced ivory tower and shutting himself in, I was delighted when Mr. Billings returned and coughed cosily in the next bedroom again. One morning I shared a table with him and was

surprised to see how well he looked. "I hear you know Spain, Mr. Billings?" I ventured. "Oh, yes," he said, "there's not much of Europe I don't know. Madrid, the Sierra Nevada, the Swiss Alps, Austria." He toyed with a pedestrian morsel of potato, lifted it dubiously to his mouth. "Morocco, the desert, the snow, all of it." "You must like travel," I said. "I hate it," said Mr. Billings. "I just went to see doctors. French doctors, Portuguese doctors, black doctors, yellow doctors. They drugged me, starved me, electrocuted me, and rubbed me with snow." He looked at me with a sudden tiny anger. "Asthma," he said. "That's what it is. They sent me here to Brighton, and I can hardly breathe." "I'm sorry," I said. "I'm not the only one," said Mr. Billings with a dark wheeze. "There must be quite a few of the others. A man called Huxton hasn't come out of hospital at all. And



lots are dead." He suddenly rose and whisked off his horn-rimmed glasses. "I must try my new pills," he said, and made for the door.

I met him the same afternoon on the front, huddled in one of those rather purgatorial shelters. I sat beside him. "I hope you'll forgive me," I said, "but who was Huxton?"

"I'll tell you," said Mr. Billings. "Huxton was one of the sergeants of the Expedition. Just after the first world war ended a lot of us were drafted to Blandford. It was raining the whole time, it went on for months, and about two hundred chaps were dying every day. I remember, because I was on burial fatigues. Then one day the whole crowd of us were paraded and issued with Arctic kit and waterproof boots and machine guns, and a fellow with thousands of ribbons and an eyeglass gave us a lecture. 'Men,' he said, 'Mr. Winston Churchill has chosen you as the spearhead of his crusade against the Bolsheviks. You will proceed to Murmansk, disembark and penetrate enemy territory, killing as many Bolsheviks as you can. Good luck.' Mr. Billings wrapped a shawl tightly around his neck and tested a wheeze.

"You went?" I said. "I went," said Mr. Billings. "Did you kill many

Bolsheviks?" "It didn't turn out that way," said Mr. Billings. "The Bolsheviks liked us and didn't want us to leave. When we sailed off, eighteen months later, they were crying. They were very decent chaps, and I never met one who wasn't a gentleman. The only people who were difficult were the Chinese and our Other Ranks. They kept shooting at the N.C.O.s and the officers. It was mainly because of the rum. And the starvation and so on. Boats kept arriving with rum, but we hardly ate anything except herrings and frozen birds. We didn't even eat the bears." "Which bears?" I asked. "The tame bears. The men all kept bears until they got savage and then they turned them loose. But they wouldn't go away. And they went for the rum." Mr. Billings looked as if he wanted to spit. "There was far too much rum," he said bitterly. "They used to burn down the railway carriages." "Who did?" I asked. "The Bolsheviks?" "Certainly not," said Mr. Billings. "Our own soldiers. Some of them used to live in railway carriages."

"Were you an N.C.O.?" I asked him. "Yes," said Mr. Billings. "I was a sergeant in charge of kit. We had a lot of fur-lined stuff, and some of our men used to raid the sleighs. In the end

I had to use armed guards." "Your own men?" I asked. "No, Bolsheviks. I armed them and paid them with rum. Of course our own men tried to buy the stuff off me first. They had quite a lot of money, you see. A hundred pounds each." "What for?" I asked. "Ransom," said Mr. Billings. "The idea was that the Chinese would spare your life for a hundred pounds. But, as you could imagine, it didn't work that way. They didn't wait to be offered it. The Bolsheviks used to warn us, because they were really worried on our behalf. The worst thing was the food; we were all practically skeletons, and if it hadn't been for the Bolsheviks none of us would be alive now. And even then lots of the men were making small fortunes selling rum to the Chinese. You know how it is. Finally we had a few mutinies and a demonstration with a canvas banner I gave them from stores. 'CHURCHILL, WAIT TILL WE COME BACK,' it said. Then we came home."

We looked at the sea. Mr. Billings was wheezing badly. "When I saw people eat all that food I thought they were mad," he said, "but eventually I got down to it too. A year later I had difficulty with my breath and I saw a doctor." He looked up at me. "They've been telling me about Kashmir . . ."



Eric Burge

# "Roses, Roses . . ."

By CLAUD COCKBURN

WE have done without ten-gallon hats up till now and possibly can carry on without them, but the garland shortage emerges as really serious. The Foreign Office says there is little point in protesting to India because there seems not to be anything in the rules that says positively not. That does not alter the objective fact that we have been left in a damnably awkward position.

Being absolutely fair to Pandit Nehru, we note that he did—unsuccessfully—appeal to the cheering millions who greeted Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev in Delhi not to throw flowers, on the ground that a blow on the side of the head from a bunch of roses flung on behalf of some peace-loving Municipal Council is a double irritant because to begin with it hurts, and, to go on with, getting hit by a bouquet is high on the long list of things where in response to anxious inquiries the victim of the blow smiles genially as he shrugs off the incident with a witty observation which is reported in all the bazaars and endears him to one and all. The man who in these circumstances raps out a foul oath and demands disinfectant and the arrest of the thrower does no service to his country.

But on garlands the Pandit seems to

be throwing off all restraint and going completely overboard. In many of the pictures the garlands are so extensive you can hardly see the Marshal, and Mr. Khrushchev looks like something out of the first sequence of *Rain*. (It's leis, there, of course, but they're still garlands. And as everyone knows they have had a profound effect on the literary history of the western world.)

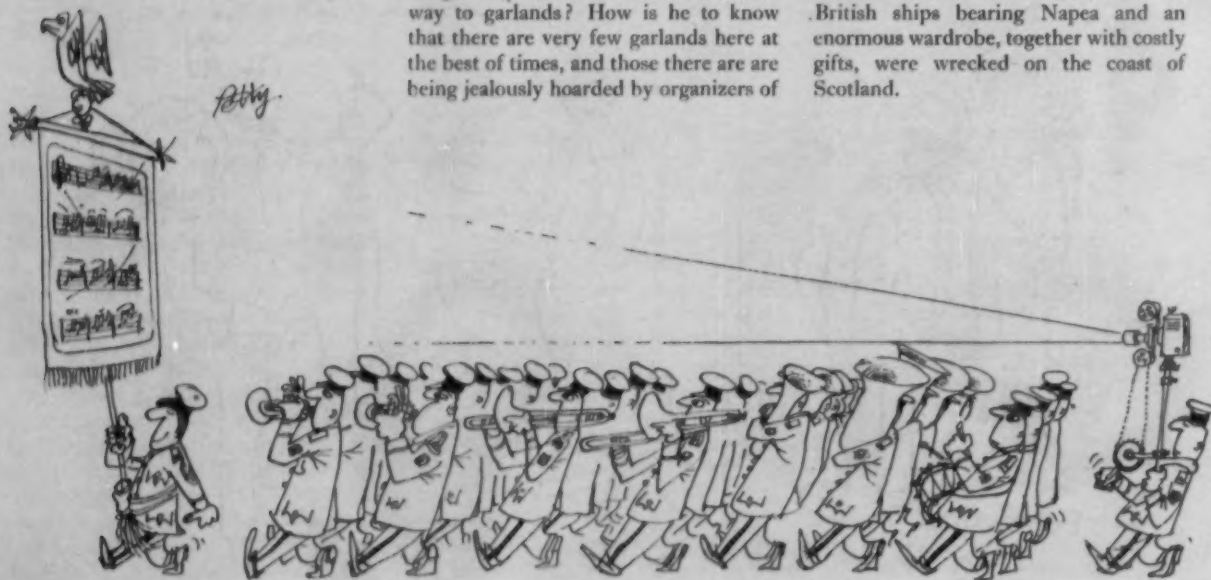
Correspondents on the spot coolly explain the matter by saying that there had to be all these garlands because Pandit Nehru had to do something to live up to or outshine the welcome he himself received in Moscow. (Garlands there, too, as I recall.) An intelligible viewpoint, but it would have been, to say the least, courteous of him to bear in mind that pretty soon Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev are going to be visiting London where the garland situation is frankly alarming.

Any statesman visiting the United States who is not given a ten-gallon hat and made Big Chief Funny Ha-Ha of a Red Indian tribe by a direct descendant of Pocahontas rightly concludes that he is being insulted and cold-shouldered, and comes hurrying home to write some articles viewing the trend with alarm and wondering Can a Mechanical Civilization Survive? Suppose, as a result of Nehru's intemperate behaviour, Marshal Bulganin gets conditioned in the same way to garlands? How is he to know that there are very few garlands here at the best of times, and those there are being jealously hoarded by organizers of

municipal carnivals, Miss Atomic Energy contests, and the like? Or are we to return to the irksome and cumbrous system of garland-control as some of our more purblind socialists demand?

In view of what has been happening in India it does look as though we may quite possibly have to abandon some of our British restraint when the Marshal gets here and really go to considerable lengths to combat the garland complex. Naturally there's always turtle soup, but that always leads to trouble too because you get the kind of critic who says we don't want to show our Russian visitors this kind of obsolete diet—turtle soup is no longer a part of the British way of life and what would really interest them would be a milk bar.

One rather comforting thing, however, is that whatever happens we are unlikely to make much more of a mess of the visit when it happens than they did when the first very high-level visitor from Russia came to our shores. That was a classic snarl-up which embittered Anglo-Russian relations for generations. Osep Napea was the name of the principal victim, and, as you recall, he came here in 1556 as the personal representative of the Czar to call on King Philip and Queen Mary and do an all-round Geneva. The meteorological bureau fell flat on its face, and the British ships bearing Napea and an enormous wardrobe, together with costly gifts, were wrecked on the coast of Scotland.



With the utmost difficulty Napea struggled ashore and sat down on a rock, feeling thankful. He was pleased, too, to see that the place was far from desolate—a big crowd of Scotsmen was hurrying to the beach. Now, he thought, everything would be all right—and he admired their courage and devotion as they dashed into the waves to salvage the goods. The next thing he saw was the same crowd disappearing at a fast rate into the hinterland, taking with them everything that could be moved—including all his clothes.

Hakluyt reports that "the whole mass and body of the goods laden in the ship was by the rude and ravenous people of the Countrey thereunto adjoining, rifled, spoyled and carried away, to the manifest loss and utter destruction of all the lading of the said ship." The English Government rushed some spare suits to Scotland and got the Ambassador to Edinburgh, but he kept saying "What about all those things I brought with me?" and goodwill was being fast dissipated.

The Queen's Commissioners assured him—they seem to have been scandalously lacking in expert knowledge of conditions pertaining in Scotland—that they would go up to the scene of the shipwreck with strict orders that all property was to be returned immediately, and they actually did issue a lot of proclamations and edicts, saying did people grasp that if this sort of thing went on the next thing there would be would be a Cold War?

"By reason whereof"—of the Proclamations and Edicts, that is—"not without great labours and pains and charges, after long time divers small parcels of wax and other small trifling things of no value were, by the poorer sort of the Scots, brought to the Commissioners, but the jewels, rich apparel, presents, gold, silver, costly furs and such like, were conveyed away, concealed, and utterly embezzled."

The Ambassador waited in Edinburgh for days and days while the Scots "by subtle and crafty dealings" so acted that "no effectual restitution was made." Finally he "fatigated," and the whole party went off to London in a foul temper. They tried to cheer up the Russian by laying on a fox-hunt near Islington, but it took a long time for the harm to be undone.



## Orders is Orders

COMMISSAR KALINSKY was a proper proletarian,  
A cowman to a kulak in a corner of Ukraine,  
And thought it an essential that his bureaucratic residence  
Was coloured like a Christmas card and anything but plain.

Myself I was for concrete in the manner of Corbusier  
With maximum efficiency and minimum of waste:  
But the Commissar of Culture said economy was bourgeois  
And a People's Revolution meant a lavishness of taste.

So I made the Comrade Commissar a dainty little dado,  
Where the snow hung in the sharawags as pretty as could be;  
I carved and curved his cornices like icing on a wedding-cake,  
And twisted his pilasters till they whimpered to be free.

It was certainly successful. The beneficent authorities  
Emboldened my ambition to baroque it with the best,  
And for every extra order that I added to my frontages  
Awarded me an Order I could cherish on my chest.

That was under Uncle Joe. The plaster wasn't durable,  
But still survived sufficiently to damage me to-day,  
When industrial rococo reeks of counter-revolution,  
And my orders and my Orders have alike been cut away.

P. M. HUBBARD



# Through a Glass Darkly

By LORD KINROSS

FROM time to time it is good to look on the darker side of life. In the nineteenth century great novelists like Dickens obliged us to do so, describing with infinite pathos such humble tragedies as the hunger of Oliver Twist, the loneliness of David Copperfield and the death of Little Nell. In this age, when the way the other half lives is all too easily forgotten, the blind eye is being reopened to it, in salutary style, by the screen—or rather the two almost identical screens—of Television. Sunk in the humdrum Wonderland of our uneventful, happy-go-lucky lives, we are now faced each day with a pictorial reminder of how life is endured Through the Looking Glass.

The other world which here confronts us is a uniform, small, congested world, where men and women sit eternally, hardly moving, close together, on contemporary chairs, at desks or small tea-tables, before draped, contemporary art textiles, or strips of Regency wallpaper, or shelves of unread, dust-jacketed books, discussing or enacting, with harassed expressions, the trials of contemporary life.

It is a world of worry. Used as we are to the brave, buoyant voices of the sound radio announcers, it is a shock to us now to see their faces: the haunted eyes of the lady announcer as she reveals the weather forecast, the startled look of the gentleman announcer as he

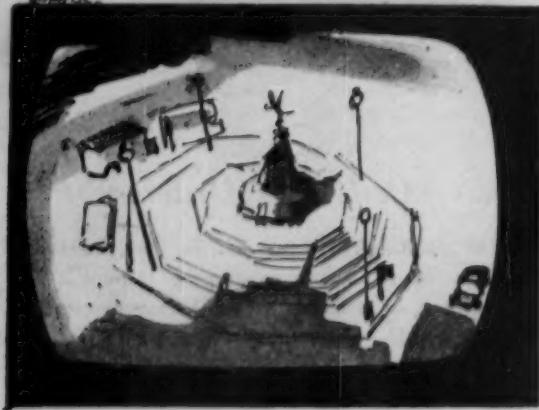
discloses that the fossilized remains of a dinosaur have been found in South Basutoland, the brave, buoyant smiles on the faces of all, which nevertheless fail to conceal a sense of deep unease.

Life, we must face it, is one long worry. The newly-wed Nortons, of Sixpenny Corner in the rural suburb of Springwood, worry away our mornings with their hire purchase arrears, their furniture so unrepresentable to visitors, Sally going and getting a cold on the eve of her birthday party, the imminent failure of Bill's garage because of his business inexperience, Grete, whom nobody wants, coming out of hospital and wanting a sit down somewhere, Stan losing his job again, Aunt Mabel in tears at winning a newspaper competition, then going up to London to spend the money, leaving Uncle Fred to mind the shop and worry away all on his own.

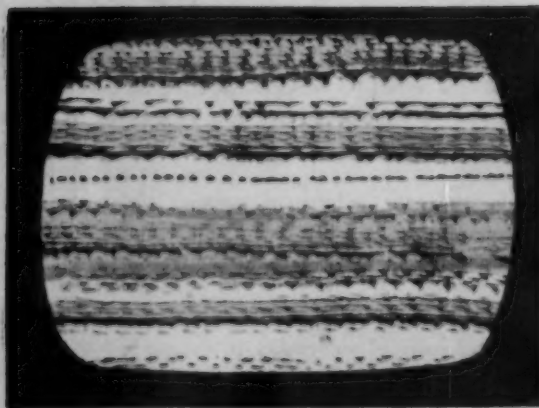
We are reminded, continuously, how various worries are: unpleasing breath, badly adjusted headlights, rheumatic trigger spots, unaverage children, insufficient control of the pelvic muscles, father changing the nappies badly, mother saying you can't have children and keep an orderly home, people dying unnecessarily of tetanus, and the intrusions of quarrelsome neighbours.

It is, however, a compassionate world, in which the worried help the worried. Elbow to elbow around a board-room table a pursed-lipped lady doctor, a tired parson, an angry-eyed, Joad-bearded magistrate and a bald, long-necked, long-headed psychologist worry at the worries of lesser mortals.

Mrs. A. is worried because she has moved from a small town to an industrial neighbourhood, and her son, who had a nice way of speaking before, has acquired a slovenly accent; Mr. B. because Mrs. B. persistently flirts with the important business contacts whom he brings home for her to entertain; Mr. and Mrs. C. because their son, a "wayward but likeable boy" of fifteen and a half, has started to take an interest in girls, and uses the telephone, without his parents' leave, to make appointments with them; Mrs. D. because at the age of 42 she is going to have another baby, and can't face going through it all again.



"Carry on . . .



. . . London!"

Their betters, for ever wiping or chewing or tapping their horn-rimmed glasses, puzzle out worldly-wise words of advice: "He'll grow out of it, don't worry . . . Sometimes you get two streams of motivation running together . . . All husbands and wives find it difficult to shine together . . . You should be much more worried if he *didn't* want to look at a girl."

Next week, to make a change, we are gaily promised a sanitary inspector on household pests. A man in a hard collar, he treats us to worrying tales of rats spreading disease, spoiling the food and damaging the furniture; of insects feeding on human beings during the night. But he offers us remedies—a rodent operative, complete with "know-how" and "gadgets"; a man in a mask spraying insecticide on our ants and cockroaches, boasting a fair measure of control but—a last stab of worry—not quite a hundred per cent.

For other worries other remedies. For the housewife, shopping parties in a borrowed car with Celia to Croydon, where the vegetables are "*awfully* good," the price of tomatoes is "pretty stabilized," there are plenty of cheap lettuces with "good little hearts," pork chitterlings may be had from an old-fashioned butcher, and parsley is plentiful, which "makes everything look prettier."

For those worried by ignorance, a smart well-educated lady and gentleman, able to answer any questions: "How did bubble and squeak get its name? What is a goliwog? How do you eat a pomegranate? How can I train my budgerigar to sit on my fingers? When will it start to talk? I am also blind. Does this worry the budgerigar?"

For all there are brief but blissful escapes into a world of fantasy: sunlit breaks, generously provided by advertisers, between the dark clouds of the everyday programmes. In a Disneyish world of animated freaks and dancing puppets, we relax to the prospect of Heavenly Nylons, the Latest in Lino, the Lilting Fragrance of Lavender, and Sleep that Knits Up the Ravelled Sleeve of Care.

But the sovereign remedy for all the worries of the looking-glass world is neither lino nor nylons, lavender nor sleep, but Mr. Godfrey Winn. This old-young man, with the dark worried rims around his eyes, is endowed with

the even more beneficial power of transforming mortal lives. Arrayed in a halo of silvery hair, with a ring of boyish sincerity in his light, high voice, Mr. Winn purveys the silver lining to every human cloud.

Seated at his desk, leaning on his elbows, he clasps and unclasps his hands as he confides to us the problems tormenting him. "No one," a lady has written to him, "seems to think of me as a woman." Mr. Winn fades out and we see her, all smart at her work in a Bayswater store, a smart sales gentleman beside her not thinking of her as a woman.

Mr. Winn fades in again, impulsively rises to his feet, stands poised before book-shelves of volumes finely bound, restlessly paces to and fro within the limits of the camera angle, his tie flopping out unheeded, then gracefully subsides, perching on the edge of the desk, puckering his forehead as the words of wisdom come tumbling out.

"D'ye know," he says, lapsing for an ungarded moment into colloquial terms, "there's one rule in life which always wins. *Know* yourself. *Be* yourself. That's what I wrote to her. Go to the staff dance. But not as a fashion silhouette. As a woman of flesh and blood. Now I'd like to show you this woman after she'd had this letter from me."

She fades in again, unmistakably all flesh and blood, the smart sales gentleman now thinking of her as a woman and taking her down to supper. ("I never thought of you as human, but always wished you were." "I began to wonder whether I was myself.") Mr. Winn, mastering a quiver in his voice, concludes, "I think, don't you, that from now on she's going to be a *real* person." Winn's Wisdom. It's a Tonic. It's a *Miracle*!

Mr. Winn, in his Godhead, modestly does not claim "omnipotence." But his transformations are none the less striking. With the sensibility and compassion, if not of a Dickens, then of a Marie Corelli, he sees deep into the



"Haircut."

hungry, lonely souls of men and women alike. He is a man who has suffered. ("I knew what loneliness was when I first came to London as a boy of sixteen. But it's worse if you're a widow.") He spares himself no agonies of mind. ("All over the week-end I've thought and *thought* about their problem. *Will* that home be happy?")

He is a man who has seen life. The grammar-school boy, ashamed of his posh friends knowing his dad's a commissioner, is given as a parable the saying of the boy in Mr. Winn's naval mess: "My mum's the best cook in our street." A small-boy half-smile plays over his lips, as he fades out on us till Thursday week: "That's the way *any* son should speak of his mother."

Mr. Winn's own family has its share of wisdom. His elder brother is a distinguished Queen's Counsel. While the elder may have decided that to err is human, the younger, Your Counsel, knows that to forgive is divine. The day may come when the voice of the Crown is heard: "Rise Sir Rodger, Q.C." As the Winn heart swells with brotherly pride there may well be an echo: "Rise higher St. Godfrey, T.V." It will be the Voice of the People.

"FOR SALE, medical, 2 examining couches . . ."—*Daily Telegraph*  
Ideal for schizophrénics.

# Académie Française

PUNCH, November 30 1955



THE Académie is on the Quai de la Seine. Everybody knows: that it has always been there, that old gentlemen are sleeping in embroidered green pyjamas and feather-bonnets inside it. Down at the river few steps lower another association called the Clochards are working on the Argot Dictionary exerting a strong pressure on the Académiciens. The Académiciens are working since 1635 on the French Dictionary and have now reached the letter "B," no one is sure whether it is "Ba" or "Be." Folklore says however that their main activity are "Cocottes." Cocottes are not entertained but built. Cocottes are the symbol of childhood. They are symbols of second childhood as well. Cocottes are paper birds mass-produced by deadly-bored civil servants on their desks. Folklore says too: Académiciens are playing saute-mouton, catching butterflies. The Forty Immortels, The Old lady of the Quai Conty and other names glorify the place. Humorous drawings, music-hall singers tell us how birds are nesting and flowers growing in the immortal beards.

However reality as usual is stronger than fiction. The "Immortels" don't die, they shrink. Between 1635 and 1900 there were 500 Académiciens, most of them are still there, but you

can't see them; they shrank and shrank and are lodging now in inkpots, keyholes and paperbaskets. If they don't shrink, we replace. The curious thing is to watch the shrinking process.

Mme. Jean Cocteau et M. Pierre Benoit





General Weygand, for instance, has not yet entered the inkpot. He was present at the 1870 war, important at the 1914-18, there still in 1940 and sitting on several Telephone Annuals, I presume, to hardly emerge a

pathetic dehydrated face at the reception of Monsieur Albert Buisson in November 1955.

You probably don't know who Mr. Buisson is, neither do 85 per cent of the French Population, neither do I after having assisted to his reception and listened for three hours: Praise speeches, and Thanksgiving speeches. All I know that he is not: Blaise Pascal, the

Cathedral of Issoire, the Massif Central, nor Vercingetorix. Phrases like: "Vermeil-enamel domes are trembling in the mist." or "The eternal city, Roma, twice queen of the nations," are floating in the air. I understand that after having been: a Chemist, a Lawyer, a Consul, a Financier, a Writer, a Specialist of everything, he is now a Chancellor of the Académie.



The Reception  
(Under the Dôme)

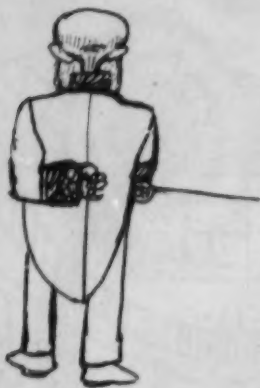


Monsieur Georges Duhamel

General Weygand



FRONT VIEW



BACK VIEW

Popular art representation of Académiciens  
(Canard Enchaîné - tradition)Monsieur Albert Duhamel  
praising his prochain  
Louis Millaud

J.-G. Domergue is doodling, I suppose

Jean Cocteau is sitting and listening, his eyes shut smiling from time to time. His own reception last month filled the newspapers and magazines, and was in a way a "Scandale." If people like Cocteau enter the Académie, if the Académie is calling on people instead of people calling, and taking a lot of trouble to get in, what will happen? Receptions like the one of Mr. Buisson reassure us.

In spite of this everybody considers

the Académie and the Institut terribly important and prestigious. Quite a lot of Académiciens and members of the Institut did or were doing important things, were or still are important writers. But still painters do not understand why Jean-Gabriel Domergue was made a member of the Institut. His production mainly consists in paintings of young ladies with long necks and little breasts. Maybe he was considered

as a pioneer in pin-up design. Pin-up designers are certainly indebted to him.

The Jean Cocteau election only confirmed the tendency of refreshing the place, a great number of members are very much alive and go even so far as to produce films or write in Newspapers, and I do think that it is no more fashionable for celebrities to refuse to become "de l'Académie Française."

ANDRÉ FRANÇOIS

# Examination for Countrymen

*Qualifies for Farm Labourer, Village Gaffer and Townsman, Retired, Rural.  
Answer ALL Questions. Credit will be given for suitable dialects.*

By F. W. JEFFERIES

**1** The B.B.C. weather forecast has announced: "A ridge of high pressure will bring three days' settled weather to Southern England." Describe carefully two sorts of sunset and THREE other natural phenomena that would enable you to contradict this.

2. Indicate in their contexts FOUR meanings of the word: "Aarrh!"

3. (a) Analyze the assessment of a pint of draught bitter implied in the words: "He be a bit of all right, he be!"

(b) Explain, as to a stout barmaid who has resented the last two words, that no classical allusion was intended. (Reference to Anglo-Saxon grammar is allowed.)

4. (a) Translate into your local dialect:

"Hemicelluloses, which are polysaccharides, are not so closely related to the true cellulose as their name might suggest. They have been defined as the more hydrolysable part of the cell wall in woody growths."

(b) Show how you would use this information to lay and win a bet with EITHER a carpenter OR a timber merchant OR a forester OR an Agricultural Adviser.

5. Write a letter to a smallholder advising him on the choice between (i) a horse, (ii) a light tractor, (iii) a four-wheel-drive car, taking into account economic factors and social values. It may be assumed that the nearest garage is eight miles away and not much good at that.

6. A farmer with 100 acres of mixed arable, dairy, poultry, pigs and a few bee-hives is to enter hospital for 14 days from August 25th. His only available replacement is an Assistant Borough Engineer on holiday. Draw up in not more than 50 words a detailed programme of work for the Engineer.

7. (a) Distinguish clearly between soil which is too wet to dig and soil which still has the frost in it.

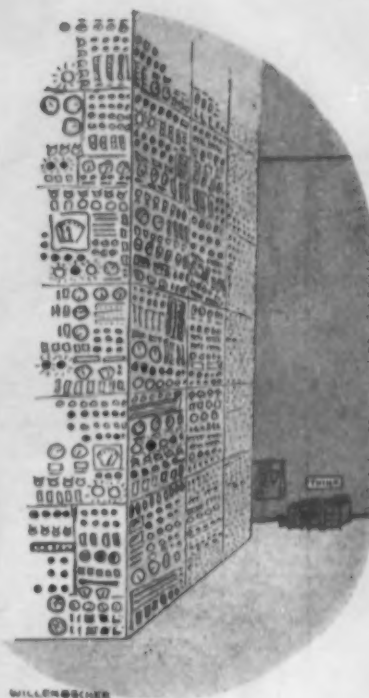
(b) Compile in order of validity other reasons for not digging.

8. Describe the apple-tree that you

may be called upon by a middle-aged widow to prune when it is past all pruning and state, with diagram, how you will prune it.

9. List and classify the weeds, and indicate their density, which, on a neighbour's plot, would, in your opinion, justify the observation: "Thicky vield of wold X—do be zo dirty I d'be moinded to have law on 'un."

10. Would you rather fill in six Ministry questionnaires (in triplicate) or hoe half an acre of turnips (in last year's weather)? Give reasons for your choice, assuming that the vly be on the turmut and that you have no carbon paper.



## Millbank Lullaby

("It's ugly, but is it Art?")

**H**OW far is Stanley Spencer from a pure Pre-Raphaelite?  
Those limbs like puffy bolsters strew the water-meadows green.  
If this is Resurrection Morn, we'll all sleep well to-night.  
(Does no one wash the surplices at Cookham Dean?)

How far is Graham Sutherland from a Chartwell "Bottlescape"?  
I cannot tell—I cannot see—cigar-smoke hides the wall.  
"Pray, fetch my sharpest palette-knife and give the thing a scrape!"  
(Heroes may have feet of clay, but why no feet at all?)

How far is Michelangelo from Mr. Henry Moore?  
A stony way—a bony way—o'er High and Middle brow.  
How far is Reggie Butler from an ironmonger's store?  
(Hardware's going up, so buy and beat the Budget now!)

How far's an Annigoni from a portrait by Van Dyck?  
(The Gunns begin to thunder and the P.R.A. to prate)  
With all these foreign gentlemen a-charging what they like,  
The longer in the Tooth you are, the shorter in the Tate.

How far is Francis Bacon from the mind of William Blake?  
(Hang 'em high and hang 'em low or hang 'em upside down)  
A Freudian sub-conscious helps an artist on the make.  
Let others go to Cork Street by way of Camden Town.

How far is the avant-garde from stumbling on the 'Truth'?  
(That no one knows—that no one cares—and no one ever will.)  
"Ars brevis, ITA longa" is the watch-word for our youth.  
We won't be "in the picture" till all Life is Still. P. E. C.



# So Long, My Buddy

By R\*Y\*M\*ND C\*H\*N\*D\*L\*R

(From a hitherto-unpublished collection, "The Simple Art of Marlowe")



**Y**OU ought to know your way by now. That is, if you want in. Down the deadbeat end of a fashionably shabby corridor, in the sort of building that was new about the year the all-American ace took murder out of the Venetian vase and dropped it in the alley where the rest of us had to root around looking for it ever since, dash him.

Push the pebbled glass door with the flaked black lettering, inhale the down-to-the-minute dust in the waiting room, but don't be surprised if the smell of self-pity turns you kind of sick once you're past the inner door. Because, Brother or Sister as the sex may be, that's right where you'll find me. Sitting by the 'phone in the suitably sordid office, at the worn desk with the stained brown blotter and the bottle of Old Forester and the Luger holed up in it somewhere and maybe some dame's handkerchief scented with stale cheap sentiment and an old brown bloodstain smeared across that I have instead of a sachet of sweet memories packed away in lavender. Philip Marlowe, the guy who put the "I" in Private Investigator. Forty bucks a day and expenses when I can get it, or fifteen British bob a read in the U.K. Omnibus Edition, and cheap at the price. That's me. Or rather, I. Spit right in my Public Eye, folks. Only, if you're a fiction book-critic, tread

softly as you cross the threadbare carpet, because you may be treading on the magazine-pulp life made of my lovely boyhood dreams.

II

It was a typical Californian summer's day, hot as a mobster's rod or the pants of a Hollywood cutie. Smog crept like a B-movie gumshoe down the blue distance over Beverly Hills. Below, on the dusty boulevard, the bunco-boys and the con-men, the hustlers, the heisters, the dope-peddling doctors and vice-czars, the wrong-doers and the rightly-served, stewed wearily in their own stench.

I was parked in my swivel chair, reading about woman-slaughter in the works of Sir Thomas Malory that a London female film-reviewer sent me for a last year's Christmas gift. "The modern equivalent of a parafait and gentil knight," she'd written one time when Bogart was standing-in for me on the screen, and maybe she figured I ought to catch up on the way these characters used to act back in the days when they were bold. "Ryght," I read, "so com hys ladye oute of a chambir and felle over hym, and so he smote of hir hede by myssefortune." It didn't sound quite ryght or over-chivalrous to me, and the killer's excuse that the death-blow was really meant for the fayre ladye's husband would have been rated a trifle cynical by even a downtown D.A. Old Sir Tom himself didn't seem



GIOVANNETTI

to have been exactly a law-abiding citizen either. In and out of the hoosegow most of his life, though according to the Intro, that could have been a frame. "At a time when legal process was not uncommonly used as a means of achieving private or political vengeance an innocent man might well find himself charged with any crime." Mr. Editor, that goes for me too. After five hundred years, crooked sadistic cops, with heavy sugar from wire-pulling jerks-in-office bulging out their billfolds, can still bust heaven out of guiltless suspects while the grifters and the sharpies, the shakers-down and the beaters-up, the two-timing, treble-dealing four-flushers go for free. Sir Philip Marlowe, Kt., I thought. The C-green incorruptible.

Now then, Marlowe, cut the moral angle. That's plenty social comment for to-day. You haven't 125,000 words to play around with this trip. Pseudo-poetical pessimism's out from here on. Provide the goo and the gore, Marlowe. Make the silvery laughter and the blood bubble up. Let the 'phone ring or the buzzer sound. Have a guy come through the door with a gun in his hand.

The 'phone rang. The buzzer sounded. A guy came through the door with a gun in his hand. "Make with the mitts, peeper," he said in a rasping voice. "But fast."

"Just a minute while I take this call," I said. I lifted the 'phone and a woman's voice said urgently in my ear: "Mr. Marlowe, you must aid me. Please." Way back in the voice you could hear frogs croaking somewhere down in Southern France. Her silvery laugh sounded a cracked peal. "I do not wish to die."

"Mademoiselle," I said, "that makes two of us. Maybe later I can fix your problem, but right now I got a client."

I hung up and looked at the man with the gun. He was a tall man with a glabrous yellow face and eyes that were as honest as a fellow-writer's praise. The crease in his striped pants was sharp enough to slice through a front-office executive's heart. He probably stropped them every morning after he got through honing his cut-throat razor. I glanced from the short black gun and the short black jacket to the shining black derby he held in his other hand.

"I suppose you call it a bowler," I said. "Back in the old country, don't you know."



"She grew her first wart to-day."

The man smiled, a soft apologetic smile. "Begging your pardon, sir. I had forgotten you were a detective." The rasp was wrapped in velvet now. His voice was suave and deferential and veddy, veddy British. "My travesty of a tough American accent could not hope to deceive you for an instant."

"I did detect a strong odour of limes."

He made a respectful bow. "Of course, sir, you yourself can still speak English. If there's any demand for it."

"Olde Englysshe, too," I told him. "Even less demand for that." The Malory in my left hand caught him square on the side of the jaw. There were 919 printed pages of it not counting the introduction and preface, and he'd have been laid out flat if I hadn't held him up with my right hand clamped round his gun wrist. His bowler hat fell off on to the desk and I shied it over my shoulder, out the open window, into the street far below. He gave a gasp and the pistol slid from suddenly limp fingers. I often wondered why they got called heaters. They always put the chill on me. The man swayed groggily and I pointed the gun at his head and squeezed the trigger.

"Click," I said. "That's all. No bang. No blood. No brains. You got to thumb back the safety-catch on these things, or they just won't go off."

He didn't fold. He had guts. Only he'd have called it pluck. Sound, solid British pluck. Veddy, veddy pukka.

The perfect gentleman's gentleman. He stared across me at the open window and whispered "Oh, my hat."

"Sorry, old top," I said. "You can't blame me for feeling a little sore."

"Oh, no, sir. It is I who should apologize." The pain and loss went out of his eyes. The respectful smile returned. "For inefficiency. I fear that I am not really at home with firearms, sir."

"How's about cold steel?" I said. "The jolly old chiv, what?"

"Too messy, sir. I have always favoured a life-preserver myself. In certain circles it is referred to as a cosh."

A length of rubber tubing appeared suddenly in his hand. He bowed humbly before bringing it down on my left temple. A galaxy of movie-stars swam up towards me in a Technicolor haze. Bogey, Dick Powell, Fred MacMurray, Bob Montgomery. All those that had once been me who now no longer was. Their faces span in a general-mix and merged for the final fade. The screen went dark. I fell into a bottom that had no pit.

### III

Somebody was tapping out a bad review on the top of my skull. The typewriter keys fell heavy as sledgehammers. My brain was the black and red ribbon running through the spools, my nerves were the stretched tension-cord. A bell rang for the end of the



"I think I could manage another dozen."

line. Every book I got to go through this, I groaned. All because the Continental Op. had that laudanum-jag dream in *Red Harvest* and got himself gassed in *The Dain Curse*. Some Brytyshe creep had strekyn of my hede by myssefortune, and every time I tried to fit it back on it dissolved into the head of the jane Sir Gawayne had accidentally sleyn. Jantyll Phil Marlowe, I thought, the Head Hunter of Un-Hollywood. I opened my eyes to get a better focus and the head smiled at me from across my desk. "*Mon ami*," it said throatily, "you are okay again, yes?"

"No," I growled. The smiling head floated nearer. It appeared to be sheathed in flame. The perfume of mimosa was wafted along with it. Now a drawer slid open and the bottle of Old Forester was tilted level with the mouth I didn't have. I wrapped my non-existent lips round the bottle's neck and took a long swallow. Fire throbbed

in my throat and belly and licked the bump that swelled on my forehead. My vision cleared and my head snapped back in its appointed groove. But the other head was still there. Its enormous anxious eyes stared into mine. It had got itself attached to a body too, and the body was sitting in my lap. A bare arm the colour of an old ivory chessman curled around my neck. The sheath of flame was a scarlet play-suit that matched her vivid painted lips. Her lips were hot as sealing-wax. Somewhere beyond the mimosa lay the blue Mediterranean that was reflected in her eyes. Her mouth came unstuck from mine to whisper: "Aid me, please, dear friend. I do not wish to be murdered."

"Who's going to murder you, *chérie*?" I asked.

"I do not know." Her shape shivered in my arms. "It is all in the plot."

"And passions spin it?" I suggested.

We kissed again. Time passed slow as the action in a Henry James novel, but more excitingly.

"But I am serious," she said, pulling away. "I do not want to be a cadaver that you will stumble on towards the end of the story. I would like to be the girl that is still alive in the last chapter. Not she who assassinates. The client whom you protect, the woman who would make you happy if your profession did not come between." She leaped up suddenly. "Keyhole-peeper, cheap shamus, shyster, dirty rubber-souled sneak, son of a snitch." She slapped both sides of my face. "See," she said. "I will treat you as you like to be treated. I will call you Marlowe if you wish. I will be all those women you have known and loved and lost, Marlowe." The silver bells of her laugh pealed out for a wedding, and one of them rang somewhere way back in my brain.

"Okay," I said, standing up. "Now listen. Stay right here in the office till I get back or ring through. Lock the door. Let nobody in. Drink all the Scotch you want and keep plugging away at this book." I put the bottle by her side and the Malory in her hand.

"It is in code, yes?" she asked, flicking over the pages. "It contains some vital clue?"

"Could be," I said. "Later I'll buy you a copy in the original Frensshe." I finished buckling on the Luger in its shoulder-holster. "My shield and my armour," I said. "I am a lonely knight setting forth upon a quest."

"Not lonely," she said in my arms. "Not any more. *Chéri*. Marlowe. You will not be killed, *mon ami*, no?"

"Not me," I said. "I'm the guy that's telling the story. I'm the one guy they can't rub out."

It wasn't until I got downstairs that I realized I didn't even know her name. And by then it was already too late to ask.

#### IV

The gentleman's gentleman in the short black jacket was surprised to see me when he opened the door. He was so surprised he even forgot to bow. But his reactions were fast. I didn't wait to see if it was the gun or the cosh he was reaching for, or whether he merely meant to carve me up with the crease in his pants. I socked a hard one into his gut and, as he doubled over, slammed



the heel of my hand down on his nape. I leaned forward and frisked him quickly as he lay writhing on the floor. He'd a stiff upper lip all right. Never let out a peep. Or maybe he hadn't enough wind left. His mouth was open, gasping like a fish on land, and the glabrous yellow face had gone the colour of verdigris.

"How green was my valet," I said. "A poor gag but not, I'm glad to say, mine own. Heard it on the radio donkey's years ago, old bean."

I dropped the pistol and the rubber hose into my side pocket, and went on up the wide curving stairway. On the thick carpet my feet made no sound. I ascended light and airy as thistledown. He was in the study on the first landing, just as I expected. I could hear the typewriter ticking behind the oak-panelled door and the lump on my left temple began to ache like a bump of memory. As I lifted the latch and stepped softly into the room, the black cat he was sometimes photographed with shot out past me down the stairs.

He was hunched as usual over his platinum writing-desk, under the emerald shaded lamp, putting a fresh sheet of hand-made vellum into the solid hall-marked eighteen-carat-gold machine, but when I spoke he let go the jewelled platen knob and whirled about in his pneumatic swivel chair to face me.

"Type no more, buddy," I said. "This is the pay-off. The last link in the chain. The last piece of the puzzle. The lovely, long-awaited, last-minute dénouement. Only you're not going to be here to write it, buddy. That's where the big surprise comes in."

"Marlowe," he said. "Have you gone crazy, disturbing me at my work? You're supposed to be busy on a case. I sent along some new clients this afternoon—"

"Oh, go to Bay City," I said. "I'm out on a case all right, and this is it. Marlowe's last case, buddy. Or rather, yours." I took the valet's short black gun from my pocket and let him look down the muzzle as I thumbed back the safety-catch. He'd made me look down so many guns in his time. But seeing his eyes widen behind the spectacles and his hands tighten on the arms of the chair didn't give me the kick I expected. I felt tired, pooped out. I was a remaindered paper-back on a dusty bookshelf in a bankrupt bookstore in a bombed-out city. I went on:

"It's going to be a beautiful frame. Better than any you ever got me tied up in. World-famous toughie-writer, the toast of the intellectuals, found bumped by his own valet. Prints on the gun, every little thing." I put my hand in the light to show the thin silk handkerchief I was holding the gun with. "That lug downstairs'll have a police record long enough to reach from here to Baker Street. And who'll turn in the alarm? Why, your very own creation Philip Marlowe, private dick and equally famous corpse-finder. Maybe I'll get a going-over from the cops, but that won't be any new experience, and they know I always turn out in the clear—"

"Listen, Marlowe," he said with sudden urgency. "It's been a profitable partnership. You'd be a sap to break it up—"

"Profitable for who?" I said. "All I ever got out of it was a sore head and a seedy office, a solitary life and a heart with a crack in it that the cold wind blows through. Okay, stay alive if you must, only count me out in future. Get yourself another fall-guy. Marlowe means to retire from this moment. So-long, buddy." I tossed the gun

in his lap and turned towards the door.

"You forget one thing," his voice said behind me. "You reckon you can't die, but you're wrong, Marlowe. Because it's I who tell the stories, not you. I'm the one man who can destroy you, just as I gave you life—"

"You're right," I said. "I'd forgotten." I turned and saw the green light glinting on his spectacles and his finger tightening on the trigger. I got the Luger out and fired as the stab of flame tore into my chest. His swivel chair span round and he slipped forward with his face down by the typewriter, one hand trailing out along the keys. "Sende me good delyveraunce," I coughed into the Aubusson carpet, as the scent of mimosa faded in my nostrils. "Me and Tom Malory both."

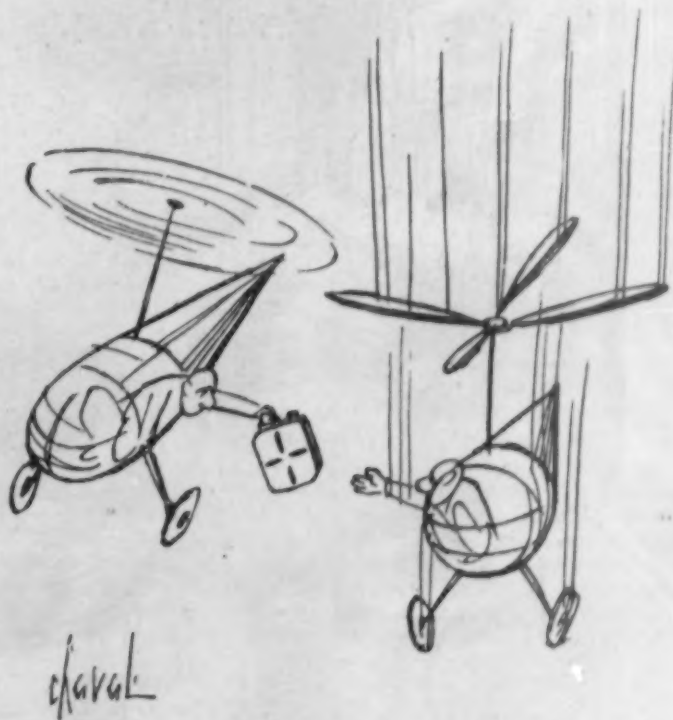
J. MACLAREN-ROSS

#### "GOLDEN PLOVER"

Pour 1 oz. of melted butter over each bird as it sits on a piece of bread in an oven tin. Lightly flour and season and then cook, basting well for about 25 minutes."

The Observer

Salt on tail first, of course.





"Welcome to the bridal suite."



### Scout

I WAS once given a lift in an enormous American roadster by a Saskatchewan banker. When I asked about the prospects for British cars he grinned and said: "Why, sure, they're fine. Trouble is the darn things don't fit our ruts." Some years later a British manufacturer said much the same thing. Our highways, he told me, were the best in the world. We designed our cars to run on good roads, not on the rough tracks of wide open spaces overseas. But with the cycle and motor cycle it was different. Our smooth roads had encouraged pedal and motor cycling and given us a long lead in the design and manufacture of the machines.

Well, times and roads have changed. Since the war Britain has managed to export more four-wheel motor vehicles than any other country, and the British home market has been invaded by thousands of motor cycles, scooters, scooterettes, and mopeds from abroad—Vespas, Lambrettas, Parillas, Bellas and others.

Until very recently most British cycle firms have refused to take the challenge seriously. In 1948, when petrol was still rationed, I acquired a scooter made in the Midlands, but it lacked the line and style of the Italian machines, was as heavily armoured as a light tank and behaved indifferently. It was a failure, and its manufacturers have taken seven years to develop second thoughts on its design and performance. This apathy has been of considerable help to the foreigner: this year out of 100,000 cycles of all kinds powered by engines under 150 cc., nearly sixty per cent have been imported—27,000 scooters and more than 30,000 motorized bicycles.

It was high time that the cycle industry stretched a leg and put its foot down, and it is good news that manufacturers have at last decided to compete in the home market and build up a new export trade. Of the thirty scooters and

motorized bikes on view at the recent Cycle Show fifteen are now in production in this country.

Investors can regard the future of motor cycle and cycle shares with optimism. B.S.A., with the new "Dandy" (a 70 cc. job selling at £75) and the luxury "Beeza" (electric starter, four-speed gearbox), should win a large slice of the market. And so too should the Tube Investment Group with its Hercules "Grey Wolf" and Norman moped, a cycle powered by a German engine. The £1 shares of Tube Investments, standing at about 56/- to yield 5 per cent, are obviously a very sound proposition. With its Norman, Hercules and Phillips products the group is already the world's largest manufacturer of pedal cycles.



### Wild Harvest

THOSE who know Devonshire only in the summer must have a very false impression of the place and its inhabitants. They probably remember the quiet little fishing villages and think of the natives as a slow, amiable lot of people, whose only fault lies in a tendency to teetotalism and biblical texts on sitting-room walls.

If you saw us to-day you would have a more accurate picture. A terrific Atlantic gale blows up the cliff carrying suds of foam high over the village. The great rollers break, then drag the pebbles back on their undertow, then fling themselves like an inexhaustible cavalry on to the shore again. The wind is playing cats' cradles with the telephone wires. Sheets of galvanized iron from Dutch barn and cottage hurtle through the square. The old elms round the churchyard are combed of their branches. And wreaths from a recent funeral bowl like hoops down the gravel paths.

In the fields the cows sulk with their rumps to the wind; the horses stand beneath an elderberry's shelter, the

Raleigh have so far refused to go phut-phut, but the firm's position in the cycle race is immensely strong and its shares, now on the low side (47/6), can be regarded as collectors' pieces. Villiers supply engines for three of the new British scooters and altogether command some 70 per cent of the trade in lightweight motive power units. The company is certain therefore to play its part in the promised scooter boom, and its shares—which at present seem undervalued—are likely to be in heavy demand. Other pedal and moped cycle shares worth considering are those of Associated Motor Cycles, Excelsior, Trojan and Enfield.

A scooter boom? Yes, ten years from now—unless something pretty drastic is done about the roads—there'll be no room for cars. We'll all be scooting.

MAMMON

sheep panic down into the woods, and the gulls screech above it all. This is our element; it is chaos. Not a man nor a child is indoors sitting by the fire. We are all out, bending ourselves into the teeth of the wind, hurrying down to the beach. Not one of us has a thought for securing the property he has; our quarry is wreck, and for the thrill of picking up something for nothing we will abandon all that we own. It's as if the last trump had sounded and we feared we were going to miss judgment. Appropriately the Vicar—the most avid beachcomber among us—leads the way. It's every man for himself now. Soon neighbours will be fighting over who saw the planks first, and brothers will be fighting over a bale of rubber. For this tide is certain to have washed something in.

It has. For a moment I thought the foam had solidified. But tasting one lump I recognized it as lard. There must be fifty tons of it scattered over the beach in lumps as big as a man's head. Now everybody is staking claims, sacks are produced from nowhere and the scramble begins.

While we collect, we calculate. One says the fish-and-chip shops will pay 6d. a lb for it, another plans to melt his down for candles. I have other ideas: since it's pig fat I plan to put it back on the back of a pig. If I can only get them to eat it, it will be worth 3/- a lb to me. It's a similar problem to persuading a cow to drink milk. Maybe if I cover the lard with bran the pigs will manage to keep a few pounds of it down.

RONALD DUNCAN





THE week came in with a threat of a bang but it was whimpers, whimpers all the way before we were through with it. Members stormed up from their week-ends wondering whether the Finance Bill would rise from the dead. The odds were always about ten to one on a resurrection and the resurrection duly happened. Indeed on Tuesday Sir CHARLES MACANDREW made absurdity even more absurd by a gay confession that on reflection he had come to the conclusion that his original ruling which caused all the fuss was incorrect. Captain CROOKSHANK ought by a special Act of God to be always in opposition. From an Opposition bench his procedural conundrums and air of blank innocence are amusing, but they are not helpful in leading the House.

#### Studio Audience

The laughter with which the Opposition greeted his every sentence was obviously tactically prefabricated. Yet Captain CROOKSHANK's pretence that the Government had all along understood what was going on deserved its mockery. Mr. GAITSKELL demanded a promise that there would be no more closures and when, as expected, such a promise was not forthcoming, threatened ominously that the Government would then "have to learn its lesson." Fun and games in committee on Tuesday and Wednesday, said the pundits, but how wrong they were! It is easier to bring back to life even the Finance Bill than it is to bring back to life the Socialist party—or at any rate such of them as are male.

The arguments for and against purchase-tax on one commodity and on another are so much of a muchness that a detailed debate on such provisions, item by item, is an almost intolerable

weariness of the flesh. It takes a woman to stand it. The three little maids from school, Mrs. MANN, Mrs. WHITE and Mrs. CORBETT, tried womanfully to do their best on babies' baths and pots and pans. "It's a sad woman," said Mrs. JEGER, "who buys her own perfume," and Mrs. BRADDOCK did not think much of the sort of parties which Lady Docker attended. But even the fetid atmosphere of the House's dining and smoking rooms when the shades of the prison house are fenced round with a three-line whip was not sufficient to drive male Members to the desperate remedy of going into the Chamber and listening to the debate. The general view appeared to be that if they must be asphyxiated they would prefer to be asphyxiated where Mr. HAROLD WILSON was not speaking. At one time Mr. WILSON called attention to the fact that there were only two Conservative back-benchers in the House. It did not seem to occur to him that it was perhaps a commentary on his own oratory. Did not a famous Frenchman say "Sleep also is a form of criticism"? At another time a count was attempted.

#### Repeat Performance

As one drifts in and out of the Chamber one gets the impression now that for five days the same speech has been going on. The Member who is making it, it is true, changes from time to time. Sometimes even the side of the House from which it is made changes. But the speech—alas—the speech is still the same old speech. And so they stopped on Wednesday in time to catch the last trains home. One must stop some time.

One of the reasons why Monday's motion to put the Finance Bill back on to the Order Paper did not last as long

as some had expected was undoubtedly that Mr. BEVAN was waiting in the wings and anxious to get on to the stage to fire off his piece about housing. A nice little piece it was with the lion always just coming up to the roar and then remembering that it was not yet dinner-time and thinking better of it. He was very anxious that in the Utopia of the future, pin-striped trousers should not have only other pin-striped trousers to talk to. We should all live in mixed communities, though it was not quite so madly clear why subsidizing everybody's rents should cause that to happen. However it was gallantry rather than economics which he was out to give the House that evening. Nobly he came to the rescue of his wife, brutally attacked by Mr. DUNCAN SANDYS, and while Mr. GAITSKELL now waves the red cap of liberty, no libel could be greater than to suggest that there is anything violent or "exceptionable," to use his own phrase, about the views either of Mr. or Mrs. BEVAN. This mild, charming, benevolent old gentleman seems to have cast himself for the rôle of the reformed bad baronet in *Ruddigore*, and it is only a matter of time before he comes down to the House in black gloves and he and his wife sing:

"So now we rule  
A National School  
The duties are dull but I'm not  
complaining—"

only I suppose that in his case it would be pigs rather than pupils.

#### Closing Down

So it has in general been Packing-up Week in the House of Commons. Even the committee of inquiry into the working of nationalized industries has packed up for the extraordinary reason

that it was not allowed to inquire into the working of nationalized industries. Even Colonel LIPTON has packed up and gone back, we presume, to his regiment. Even the journalists have packed up. Hardly a paper printed a word about the Finance Bill debates. They were so boring. It is the House of Lords which has kept the newspapers going this week. Lord SALTOUN objects to workers who do not strike being sent to Coventry by their mates. Lord HUDSON objects to rabbits and Lord ASTOR raised all over again the Burgess and Maclean case and objected to that. Perhaps there is no more to be said about Burgess and Maclean, though the picture of Sir ANTHONY EDEN and Mr. MACMILLAN meeting not in the Elysian Fields but in the Lubyanka Fortress has its attractions. If there is more to be said, it is quite certain that Lord READING is not going to say it. The official Foreign Office apologia becomes more and more incredible, and the serious case for the Government was not that put by Lord READING by word of mouth but that of Lord FORTESCUE, the Government Whip, who got hold of Lord ASTOR's coat and with a hissed "Sit down" tried to pull him back into his seat. Lord FORTESCUE's speech, which, if the shortest, was on the whole the most important speech in this debate, was omitted from *Hansard*.

#### Guessing Game

Meanwhile the Prime Minister announces in the House of Commons that the seven Wise Men of Gotham—three from one Front Bench, three from the other, and a Civil Servant—are going to

decide whether there is anything wrong with either of the Front Benches or with the Civil Service. But it does not matter very much anyway, because they are not going to tell anybody what they decide. Is this a new secret service to pass judgment on the secret service, wondered Mr. EMRYS HUGHES. How could Mr. EMRYS HUGHES not be satisfied so long as both Front Benches were in it, wondered the Prime Minister. "I thought that the selection of leaders from both parties which I have announced would inspire confidence in the breast of the Hon. Gentleman," he cried. But it is precisely the apparent collusion between the Front Benches—the fact that "the merry game," to resurrect a phrase, goes on just the

same whichever party is in power—that is to many people, quite apart from Mr. EMRYS HUGHES, the cause of anxiety.

On Thursday, PAGET, M.P., asked to be allowed to travel the world without the bother of filling up the cards which no one reads, and on Friday Mr. ERNEST DAVIES wanted people to be allowed to help the vicar by buying the tickets in sweepstakes which most of them already buy anyway. It is on these little liberties that the House is perhaps at its best. But there was something in Mr. HASTINGS' thrust that it was an odd sight to see Socialists making lotteries easier. Does what applies to the Church Bazaar apply to the Stock Exchange? Mr. GAITSKELL was not in his place. CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS



Lord Astor's vision



Mr. Duncan Sandys

Miss Jennie Lee



Mr. Bevan



## BOOKING OFFICE

Brass

Horatio Bottomley. Julian Symons. Cresset Press, 21/-.

AS in his brilliant biography of his brother, Mr. Symons uses a straightforward description of a career to throw a harsh light on the times in which it was possible. Except in its last phase, the Bottomley period has been distorted in folk memory, surviving too exclusively in its achievements. The world of the South African millionaires was succeeded not only by the world of the great social reforms but simultaneously by the world of the Marconi Case and the hard-faced men in the process of doing well out of the war. It was the age of F. E. Smith as well as the age of Grey. Lloyd George combined some of the best and the worst of it.

Bottomley had a good deal in common with Lloyd George. Both had a taste for the feats of persuasion of the sharp-practising attorney. Both genuinely wished to help the underdog while basing a career on him. Both were quick-witted and gaily unscrupulous and affable. Bottomley's boom world of get-rich-quick investors and champagne breakfasts and racehorses and casting-couches was a jungle with all the works showing. It had a Corinthian cheerful toughness, though Bottomley was an exaggeratedly plebeian Corinthian, like Jimmy Thomas or Jimmy White. Surrounded by an admiring entourage of lesser crooks, he gave lavish tips but was difficult over paying bills. His support came from men who betted and drank and were "sports," from the poor who turned to him to right their grievances, from soldiers who felt his editorials hit back at the Brass Hats for them, from individuals and mobs that fell under the sway of his charm and his oratory.

Bottomley was a silly man. Mr. Symons suggests that there was nothing much behind the mask. He was shrewd, but he had no goal and no brains. The vast sums of money he got out of the public gave him no solid power. He muddled and flashed them away. He

lived completely in the moment and so long as the voters of South Hackney were shouting beery encomiums or the poor were sending grateful letters to *John Bull* he felt exalted and fulfilled. He was elected to Parliament twice and at the end was leading a group of six or seven Independents with its own Whip; but, apart from getting publicity for its leader and feeding his obsession that one

gamble was the confrontation scene, especially when it happened with all the dignity and publicity of the courts. He liked being the greatest lay lawyer who ever lived, he liked the jokes with the Bench, the domination of the jury, the unhappiness of the stuffy and expert when cross-examined in the style of the yellow press. His triumphs and satisfactions were forensic rather than financial.

He was exposed over and over again: newspapers had not yet completely surrendered to fear of libel actions and were still carrying out their proper function of printing discreditable facts about discreditable people, instead of having to keep up their reputation for outspokenness by attacking faceless targets like the British Council and the Press. His career illustrates the helplessness of society. How badly the lawyers come out of the story. It took them over thirty years to protect society from him. Some of his working-class worshippers believed for years after his conviction that he had been "framed" by those he had attacked on behalf of the underprivileged. It seems more likely that he was "protected."

Given television twenty years earlier, Bottomley might have got into power. He would not to-day. The crash of their belief in him was a maturing experience for the working class. To denigration of the present day one can at least reply that the Second World War produced no hysterical, hun-hating *John Bull*, nothing as mean and sanctimonious and vicious as Bottomley's journalism, nothing as dangerous to national health as the emotions that lifted him into being a national figure.

Mr. Symons is dryly amusing as he enthalls and disturbs. He gives no authority for his statements and one senses a background of anecdote whispered on promise of anonymity and suppressions for fear that the law may still hold its umbrella over survivors of the Bottomley gang. Sometime, when it is safe, he ought to write *The Quest for Bottomley*. In the meantime what a film Bottomley's life would make, with a ready-made part for Robert Morley.

R. G. G. PRICE



day he would be called to govern the country, it got nothing done.

Mr. Symons gives a clear account of Bottomley's principal frauds, but he is puzzled by the inefficiency of his methods. Surely he was not really a financial crook at all, the kind of man who plays chess with accounts. He was a confidence trickster on a gigantic scale; he liked persuading people to give him money more than tricking them into it. He loved to be called on in his luxurious Pall Mall flat by some infuriated victim and then hypnotize him into pouring more money away. One of the greatest mob orators in English history, he did not much mind whether the mob he addressed was to be turned into investors or recruits or political supporters. It was the mastery of men, not of their possessions, that moved him.

Bottomley did not worry over being found out, because the high-spot of the



### Confessions of Felix Krull, Confidence Man.

Thomas Mann. Secker and Warburg, 18/-

Urbanity, ponderousness enlivened by irony, moments of almost intolerable insight into human lives and hopes—these mark all Thomas Mann's work, and not least his last book which was begun forty years ago. Felix Krull is an almost unique comic creation, a thief, ponce and poseur who finds it necessary to justify all his actions philosophically. Each incident is taken in slow motion, with an effect which somehow enhances the comedy. The plot belongs to a picaresque novel, the treatment to a philosophical argument about man and society. Felix avoids military service, lives on a prostitute, steals a jewel case at the customs, impersonates a nobleman—and justifies all this by proclaiming, and believing in, his Nietzschean superiority to other people.

Does this sound boring? It is, occasionally. But resistance melts, as so often with Mann, in the course of reading. By the end of the book we are convinced that without the moments of boredom we should lose much of the depth in characterization, the universality, strangely enough even the humour, that Mann achieves in dealing with Felix Krull. J. S.

### Collins Pocket Guide to Good Cooking.

Robin McDouall. Collins, 15/-

Mr. Robin McDouall has brought a wide range of practical experience to his convenient guide to cookery. He has, of course, his personal prejudices which may cause argument—for instance to some, chicken without bacon, as he advocates, is worse than an egg without salt—but he makes some well-merited attacks on the English vice of growing vegetables for the Harvest Festival rather than the *haute cuisine*, and his approach to fish is thoughtful and imaginative. Mr. McDouall is also firm on such subjects as the choice of meat, rightly remarking that it is better to settle for a pound of sausages rather than an underhung piece of beef. His instructions for carving,

with diagrams, are extremely helpful, and his recipe for sucking pig which, as he says, can only be achieved legally by means of a well-timed accident is positively mouth-watering.

Marketing, intelligent marketing, is the foundation of good cooking, and Mr. McDouall takes his readers for a fascinating shopping excursion through Soho, a neighbourhood where a guide is reassuring to nervous strangers. There are few cooks who will not find new dishes, or at least new lights on old ones, in this valuable handbook, and many will, in the pudding section, be glad to have Thame Tart brought to their notice.

V. G. P.



### IN THE PRESS

#### Forward With the Pibroch

IN Hope Street, Glasgow, on a November afternoon, the *Scottish Evening News* announced itself as A Kemsley Newspaper in one edition and The Lively Newspaper in the next. Between editions the office joiner unscrewed the chairman's portraits from the walls with indecent haste. With its companion papers, the *Scottish Daily Record* and the *Scottish Sunday Mail*, the *News* had just come under the control of the *Daily Mirror* group. These were the first gestures of the staff, impressed by the legend of the *Mirror's* ruthless speed.

To carry the circulation battle over the Border, the *Mirror* had to have a family tartan. The Scottish edition of the *Daily Mail* is given to outbursts of frustrated nationalism and the *Express* has been in Scotland for so long that it is looked upon as native. In place of the English edition's Crusader, it flaunts a Scottish Lion. The lion, naturally, is in chains.

But the *Daily Record*, the *Mirror's* main acquisition, can out-Scot them all. For sixty years it has been in the English thrall and never has it bent the knee. This very month when *Mirror* news, *Mirror* features, *Mirror* type were being prepared for its consumption, the *Daily Record* thundered "While the average Scot is inclined to take his Presbyterianism for granted, any attempt to take it from him will bring unpleasant reactions."

John Gordon could be excused for keening for the Scottish papers which had fallen into the *Mirror's* English hands. At times the *Record* in particular has appeared to be owned by the Scottish Republican Army. At a moment of grave international tension, when the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders guarded a strip of occupied territory demanded by the Russians, the *Record's* headline was "Argylls in Danger."

It is carefully watched by its readers for any signs of deviation. Nelson was mentioned this month and a reader pointed out that the first monument to Nelson was made of Cruchan granite and raised in North Argyll, while a second took exception to the insulting



"Certainly, Sir Miles. Will you be flying or going by road?"

signal beginning *England* expects . . . and a third declared that the English-born Scottish patriot Wendy Wood would be remembered when Trafalgar was forgotten. A fourth wanted a clean-up of the battle site of Bannockburn.

*Record* readers have an almost Russian sense of the importance of their inventors. One demanded a special postage stamp showing Sir Alexander Fleming.

Mr. Hugh Cudlipp, editorial director of the *Daily Mirror* group, is known as a one-man band who can play an increasingly large number of instruments. We will listen for the wild rant of his chanter.

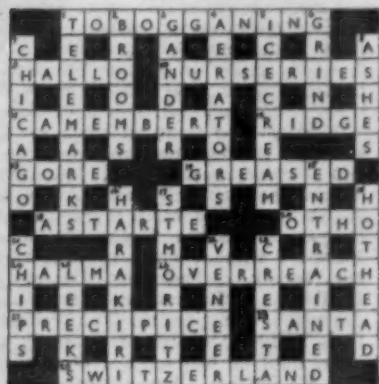
MARSHALL PUGH

### AT THE PLAY

#### The Strong are Lonely (PICCADILLY)

I ASKED a distinguished French critic recently if he suffered as grievously from the triangle as we did in London; he moaned "*Le trio, mon dieu!*" and sank his head in his hands. Without intending the least discourtesy to the many actresses to whom, across the footlights, I am devoted, I cannot help saying what a pleasure it is now and then to pick up a programme and find an all-male team, for without a woman in the cast we can entertain a reasonable hope that for once in a way an author has been moved to write about something other than infidelity. In the case of *The Strong are Lonely* this hope was justified. FRITZ HOCHWALDER has found a fine theme of human and spiritual dilemma and expressed it in genuinely dramatic terms.

His play takes us back two hundred years, to Paraguay, where in contrast to the weakening Spanish rule there is a thriving colony of Jesuits, led by a



Solution to last week's Winter Sports Crossword

Father Provincial whose practical benevolence has won a stream of Indian converts. This part is DONALD WOLFIT's best for some time, and he rises to it splendidly. The Indians work contentedly on the Father's farms under a mild brand of communism; his success infuriates the Spanish settlers and the local bishop, worries the politicians in Spain and even disturbs the Jesuit high command.

At the beginning of the play a commissioner arrives from the King to inquire into the wild accusations with which jealousy has surrounded the Fathers. He is a fair man (though by no means thorough; the preliminary investigation is a little absurd). He finds the Fathers innocent on all counts, but it makes no difference, for in his pocket is a royal order to disband the settlement. The Father Provincial has committed the unforgivable crime of being too successful. At first he prepares to fight, in angry astonishment that others cannot see the importance of his Indians' salvation; then a mysterious visitor from Italy reveals that he has come from the headquarters of the Order, and contemptuously demands an instant Jesuit withdrawal. Still the agony of the Father Provincial is not complete. Having endured the reproaches of his friends, to whom he is forbidden to explain, he discovers the bitter truth that to his converts God means no more than food

and safety. Nothing is left. Wounded while trying to quell a riot, he dies in the arms of his unhappy priests, to the muttering of the reluctant commissioner as he signs the first batch of death-warrants.

There are two obvious points for criticism. The translation, by EVA LE GALLIENNE, is uninteresting and contains such phrases as "'Tis twice twelve years since we were students"; and the acting on the perimeter is uncertain, in spite of an understanding production by MARGARET WEBSTER. These weaknesses might be enough to sink some plays, but not this one. Emotionally it is unusually honest; its issues deepen naturally and are presented with a clear-cut strength which becomes overwhelming in the later scenes. And although the Father Provincial hardly leaves the stage, it is far from being a one-part piece for a star. The commissioner and the Jesuit's visitor are both vital, and impeccably acted. ROBERT HARRIS gives a remarkable dry performance as the first—a tired courtier with intelligence and a conscience, hating what he has to do but doing it firmly; and nothing could be more sinister than the icy disdain with which a cynical lecture on high policy is delivered by ERNEST MILTON, whose personal mannerisms suit the character of the second uncannily.

All the same, the main thing in the evening is DONALD WOLFIT's Father Provincial. Mr. WOLFIT has sometimes

been accused of exuberance. There is none of it here, but a marked restraint which generates a simple tragic power. His Father starts a devotee and an inspired administrator, and ends completely broken. At each stage of his fall Mr. WOLFIT turns the screw on the man's spirit with unerring feeling, and with a tact that tempers even the uttermost dregs of despair.

A new play has been announced for the Piccadilly in a fortnight. If another theatre cannot soon be found for *The Strong are Lonely* then London deserves nothing but froth and revivals.

#### Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

An enthralling straight play, *The Queen of the Rebels* (Haymarket—2/11/55). An inspired teaser, *Waiting for Godot* (Criterion—10/8/55). An intelligent thriller, *The Whole Truth* (Aldwych—19/10/55). ERIC KEOWN

#### AT THE OPERA

*Tannhäuser* (COVENT GARDEN)

IT was plain from ragged woodwind chording at the start of the overture that we were in for a night below par, RUDOLF KEMPE's renowned baton notwithstanding. Had the musical temperature been lowered before curtain-rise by RALPH KOLTAI's sets, KENNETH MACMILLAN's choreography, SUMNER AUSTIN's production? Could have been. All three were chilling.

Watching the cribbed preenings and cavortings of the ballet boys and girls in the opening scene, I wrote off Venusberg after half a minute's consideration. No pressure-cooked lust feasible or conceivable here. Tannhäuser lay huddled on his flank near the prompt wing, bored by the party to a state of debility. Venus, who should recline on a voluptuous foreground couch from the word go, was upstairs giving a final touch to her eye spangles. She sauntered down when, and not until, the bacchanale was beginning to drop in its tracks. Neither she (in the handsome person of MARIA VON ILOSVAY) nor the Tannhäuser (WILHELM ERNEST) tempted me to snatch my tape recorder from under my seat and switch it feverishly on. Mr. ERNEST trumpeted forlornly. Miss ILOSVAY made me wish she were back in *The Ring* singing Fricka.

Although she went off pitch a bit, being for the most part unaccompanied and without sheet anchor, JOSEPHINE VEASEY (the Shepherd) produced some of the prettiest notes heard at the Garden in years. SYLVIA FISHER promised Elisabeth without quite encompassing her vocally. FREDERICK DALBERG's Landgrave is the most near-melodious thing he has yet given us. The Wolfram (JESS WALTERS) did not seem really at home until he had reached *O Star of Eve*, his last lap. I would have typed *O du mein holder Abendstern* as a matter of routine, but now see from the



Don Pedro de Miura—ROBERT HARRIS

Alfonso Fernandez—DONALD WOLFIT

programme, to my surprise, that the opera was sung throughout in English. Apart from those of Mr. WALTER, few words of any identifiable species reached the back of the theatre. It is said that ERNEST NEWMAN's translation was used. Mr. NEWMAN himself was present. For the first time in his life the Sage of Tadworth was, I imagine, no wiser than anybody else.

For most of the evening Mr. KEMPE kept the hatches battened down and his finger on his lips. The offstage pilgrims' chorusing were sometimes so hushed that I would have indented at once for a hearing-aid if overbold strands of orchestral accompaniment had not convicted Mr. KEMPE, or somebody backstage, of miscalculation.

It is well known by this time that in Nag's Head circles Mr. KOLTAI's sets for the Valley of the Wartburg and the Hall of Song are justly named Radar Station and Stonehenge respectively. They make a sorry induction to Wagner's 'prentice score for young people who may be inclined, simply because it predates *Walküre* and *Tristan*, to dismiss it (wrong-headedly) as archaic stodge. There is only one valid way of mounting *Tannhäuser* so far as I can see. In the Hall of Song let us have photographically exact Norman pillars and dog-toothing. In the Valley of the Wartburg let there be plush moss on the weather side of every tree and leaves in green cloth for Act I, brown for Act III. The whole to be gaslit, of course. CHARLES REID



## AT THE PICTURES

*Cockleshell Heroes*  
*Oh Rosalinda!!*

PRECISELY what is the technical description of a story, in outline and essentials true, about imaginary characters, I don't know; I'm sure there must be one (and almost certainly the name can be found in the "Æolus" chapter of *Ulysses*—but that by the way). A new example of the genre is *Cockleshell Heroes* (Director: JOSÉ FERRER).

This is the story of an occasion in the war when a small group of Royal Marine commandos went by night in kayak canoes into Bordeaux Harbour to blow up blockade-running Nazi merchant ships; and it is quite true that this remarkable feat was done, very much as shown, by a small group of Marines in 1942. But it was not done by men with the names or attributes of those we see doing it in the film; and the script-writers would have found it even more difficult to get any emotional conflict or drama into the story—as distinct from action and suspense—if they had had to work with the authentic characters. (I don't say there *was* no drama—I mean they would have hesitated to make a story out of it.)

As it is, apart from fairly conventional Army humours and the particular oddities of training for this thoroughly



Acting-Major Stringer—JOSÉ FERRER

Captain Thompson—TREVOR HOWARD

mixed operation, the narrative point of much of the picture has to depend on the antagonism between the unorthodox temporary Major (JOSÉ FERRER) and his disapproving Regular second-in-command (TREVOR HOWARD). This is very effectively shown: Mr. HOWARD makes the most of a rare chance to act an unusual character for the screen, a dry and disappointed man who yet arouses sympathy and respect.

However, this is comparatively irrelevant: the point of the film is, of course, the actual operation. We see the canoes (two men to a canoe) slide past—and below—the sentries, we watch the men go overboard in their frog-man outfits and fix the limpet mines, and we understand very well why only two of the ten involved came back.

Yet the artificially contrived situation of antagonism between the two officers, and other dramatics concerned with all these quite imaginary personages, are the strength of the story. The exploit was a heroic and impressive one—but the film account of it impresses mainly because one knows it is based on fact.

*Oh Rosalinda!!* (Directors: MICHAEL POWELL and EMERIC PRESSBURGER) is a modernized version of *Die Fledermaus*. It's enough to make one's heart sink to see those *two* exclamation-marks; but the piece has plenty of good things in it. The trouble is that they are inadequately mixed, some of them being impossible to mix anyway.

The period has been put forward to Spring 1955, the time of the ending of the Four-Power Occupation of Vienna. But the Strauss music, of course, is retained; and that means that even though the lyrics are rewritten, they have an inevitably skittish, nineteenth-century air about them. The modern

phrases and topical references may be there, but the rhythm dates, and the effect of that is far stronger.

The excuse and justification for the thing is the music; few would pretend that the story of practical jokes and comic revenge was anything but a device on which to hang songs and dances. Yet it is precisely the music that makes a homogeneous "modern version" impossible. The good things are disconnected: the tunes, the good singing voices, the occasional smart funny lines, some dancing, some pleasing design in the sets among much determinedly whimsical extravagance. (The scenes are candidly artificial throughout: the size of the CinemaScope screen is used to make the audience feel that they are close to a stage, not close to reality.)

In more senses than one, this is like a revue—and indeed ANTON WALBROOK as Dr. Falke, "The Bat," does move through it like a compère.

## Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Some interesting new ones have begun in London. They include the Italian prizewinner *La Strada*; a strong murder-and-suspense piece ("X") directed by CHARLES LAUGHTON, called *The Night of the Hunter*; and a very cheerful adaptation of ALAN MELVILLE's *Simon and Laura*, full of in-the-know TV and other B.B.C. jokes. The excellent bright comedy *Josephine and Men* (23/11/55) continues.

Top of the new releases, not to be missed, comes the impressive French crime film *Rififi* (13/7/55). Among the others are the cheerful piece of nonsense called (meaninglessly) *How to be Very, Very Popular* (9/11/55), and *Queen Bee*, a thoroughly gripping melodrama.

RICHARD MALLETT





## ON THE AIR

"Remember Me?"

PEOPLE who achieve any kind of eminence or notoriety in public life (I am told) become the recipients of shoals of unsolicited and tiresome letters and awkward telephone calls. "Hello, hello," yells the voice at the end of the line, "is that you, Jackie boy?" "This is Camomile 3801," says the star of radio, stage, screen, literature or sport. "Hahaha, it is you. Know that voice anywhere. How are you, Jackie boy? Remember me, I'm Billy Tilson." "Er—are you sure you haven't got the wrong number? This is Camomile 3801." "But you remember me, Jack, don't you—Billy Tilson? Used to go to Sunday school with you. Long time no see, but me and Ella have never forgotten you. Followed your rise to fame and glory with the greatest interest. Proud of you. How's things with you Jack?" "Tilson, did you say?" "That's right—Billy Tilson. Remember that time you cheated at marbles and, hahaha, Tommy Burbank gave you a black eye?" "I'm terribly sorry, Mr. Tilson, but—er—er—where did you say...?"

You would never expect our maternal B.B.C. to encourage this kind of thing, would you? And, what's more, make capital out of it? Yet the imported TV series "This Is Your Life" is built entirely on the unhappy notion of confronting some major or minor celebrity with human exhibits from his biographical record. "This," says Eamonn Andrews, who conducts the programme, "is your life. Now listen to this voice from the past." Noises off, a close-up of the pilloried subject as he struggles and fails to identify the chance acquaintance



EAMONN ANDREWS

(This Is Your Life)

of long ago, embarrassment all round. And then quick, face-saving handshakes and a resumption of the oleaginous recital.

There is everything to be said for televised biography, for dramatic reconstructions, scrapbooks, and symposial souvenirs (the Third, some time ago, did "G.B.S." most effectively), but I can find no justification for the maudlin effrontery and cheap shock tactics of "This Is Your Life." The programme fails because it lacks integrity, because the life itself is made merely an excuse for imposed reunions and the emotional displays that may or may not emerge from them.

The B.B.C. very properly introduced the play *Idiot's Delight* (by the late Robert E. Sherwood) with an apology. "Remember," we were told, "that it was written back in 1935." Well, there was no need to discipline the mind with retrospection: this dreary piece looked out-of-date, sounded out-of-date, was out of place. James Agate described it, in the

'thirties, as "that new thing—a tragic farce—very nearly a masterpiece of light theatre," and I must therefore suppose that the Lunts, Raymond Massey and Tamara Geva, Clark Gable and Norma Shearer made much more of it than Robert Beatty and Mai Zetterling.

In 1935 the play had something to say, but not very much. It talked of the futility of war, the wickedness of arms manufacturers, and the hearts of gold that beat in apparently thick-skinned adventures and playboys. In 1935 the bombers and sirens may have sounded awesome, the frenzied outbursts of patriotism and pacifism rather splendid, the wisecracks witty, but in 1955 the whole thing misfired. It would be unfair to criticize the stars too heavily for their inadequate performances as the brash impresario, Harry Van, and the enigmatic Russian, Irene: serious interpretations were ruled out by the musical comedy trappings and the sustained bleat of woefully unconvincing accents. The play is set in Central Europe in the heart of Cosmopolitania, and the players' attempts to reproduce broken English, fractured French, nasal American . . . Russian, Italian and German were devastatingly crude.

"The Al Read Show," with its numerous recorded repeats, is back on sound radio. Read's earthy humour and stark Pennine idiom are not, I am well aware, to everyone's taste, but they please me vastly. He is a brilliant reporter of the commonplace, with an ear for the unexplored cliché and the nuances of social stratigraphy. Full marks to sound radio, Ronnie Taylor (producer), Northern Variety and the North in general.

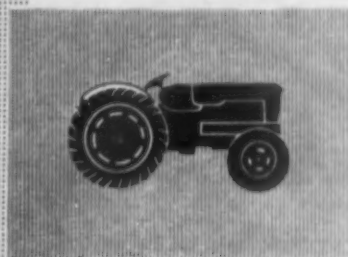
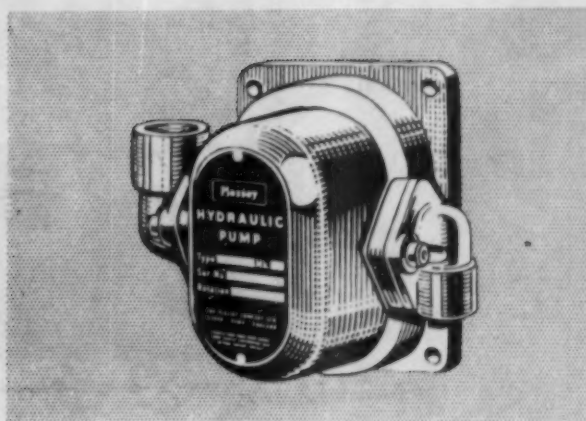
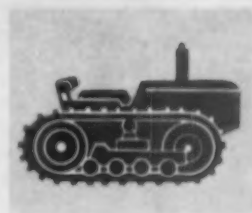
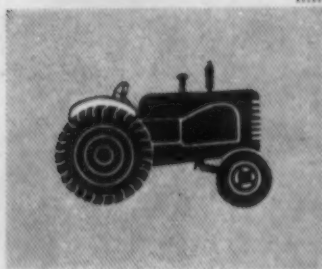
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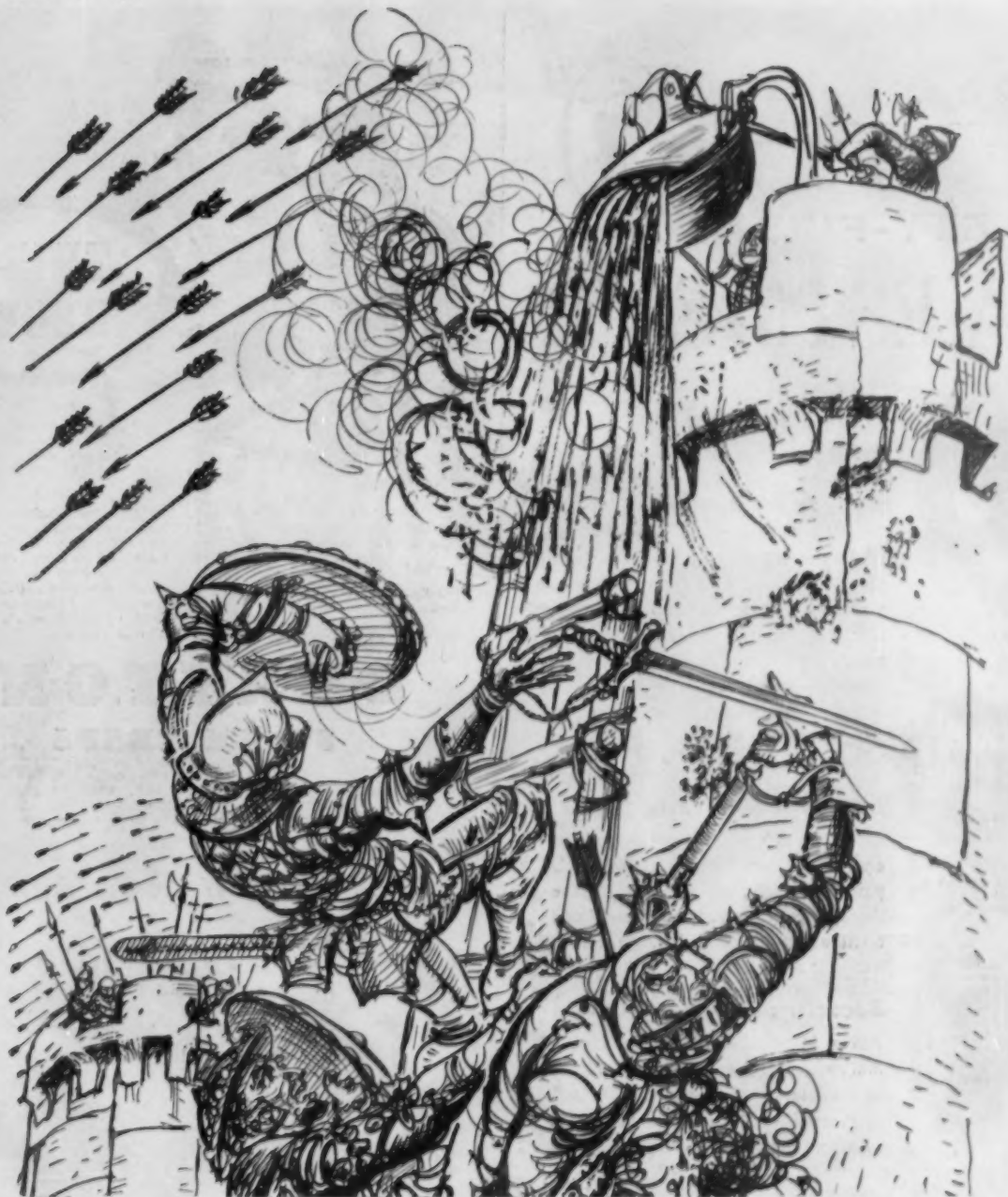
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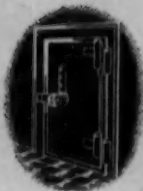
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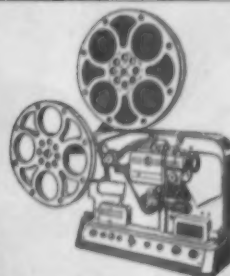
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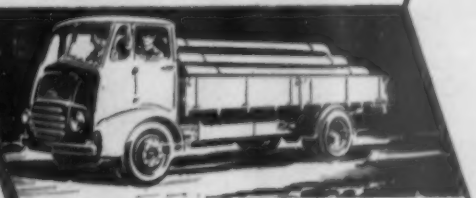
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The Movado  
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Inspired by the countless interpretations of Beauty expressed on the stage by the star ballerina, Movado has created the "Ballerina 55" collection, symbolizing grace in all its perfection. It contains for the delight of every woman a special series, unique in its way, of miniature watches among the smallest ever conceived by human ingenuity. Supremely lovely, irresistibly attractive!

They are the only watches in this diminutive size possessing the famous Movado super-precision indispensable to those living at the tempo of 1955.

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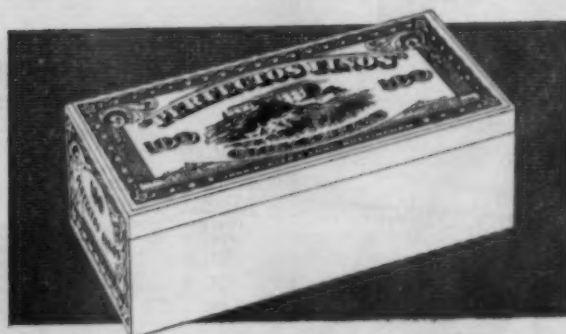
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*A distinctive contribution to  
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**"PERFECTOS FINOS"**

PERFECTOS FINOS 50's 15/1 100's 20/2  
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FOR A  
*Life-Long*  
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Traditional abode of British sportsfolk... own extensive sporting grounds and gardens... elevated position... commanding views. First-class family hotel amidst most beautiful walks (10 mins. Engadine Golf Course). 250 rooms, 120 private bathrooms. A residence of distinction with the cultured atmosphere of an English country house. For sun, for sport, for society in the Swiss Alps, come to The Kronenhof this winter. From 2 gns. incl. Under personal management of L. Gredig, family proprietors. Write for brochure.

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FOR REAL COLD  
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Hand-sewn pulps with the natural fleece inside. All sizes, in a rich medium brown shade. Built for hard wear. The wide Gauntlet, with its fleece turn-over, fits well over the coat sleeve and makes the cold stay out. Money back if not satisfied.

**42/-**

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Give usual glove size and any weather for man or lady. Send him, or her, a pair this Xmas. They will last for many years as a reminder of your kindly thought.

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## Town & Country TYRES

are now **WEATHERISED** \*

The ideal rear wheel fitment for all-the-year-round motor-ing safety. Greater grip for driving ; greater bite for braking. Greater confidence on wet and greasy roads in Summer and under the worst conditions in Winter.

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For a quiet, smooth, trouble-free ride—fit Firestone Town & Country.

**TUBELESS OR TUBED**

**Experience Counts**—27 Factories throughout the world. Firestone total sales exceed £1,000,000 per day. Firestone Tubeless Tyres have been proved in service since 1951 and production today exceeds 1,500,000 per month.

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**Enjoy Summer  
Starting  
in Winter !**

*and a quick getaway with Reduced  
Running Costs*

fit a **BRAY** ELECTRIC Engine Heater

*around the engine before starting*



Price complete with 6ft. steering column extension (200/250 volts, 150 or 250 w.) **90/6**

Without extension **62/3**

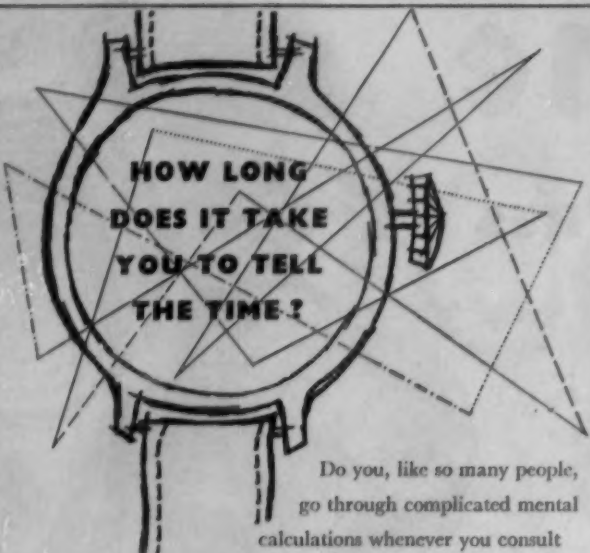
Steering column extension only **34/6**



A touch of the starter and you are away first time because the engine is already warm. Makes starting on even the coldest morning as easy as it was on a warm summer day. The BRAY Electric Engine Heater fits in a car's lower water hose and works from mains supply. Keeps heated water circulating throughout the cooling system. Minimum use of choke and starter reduces cylinder wear, petrol consumption and strain on the battery. Condensation on the plugs is prevented. Cold mornings and reluctant starting no longer go together once you have fitted a BRAY Electric Engine Heater.

*Available from your local garage or in case of difficulty write direct to the manufacturer.*

**GEO. BRAY & CO. LTD. LEEDS 2**



HOW LONG  
DOES IT TAKE  
YOU TO TELL  
THE TIME?

Do you, like so many people,  
go through complicated mental  
calculations whenever you consult  
your wrist-watch? For instance—'Now,

*I put it right Sunday, and today's Tuesday, so if  
I add 14 minutes and subtract 3 . . . I'* By the time you've told  
the time, it's later than it was!

Much, much better to invest in a Roamer. The world-famous  
jewelled lever, every single part of which is produced and  
assembled in one of Switzerland's most modern factories,  
will always keep you right on time. And that elegant  
Roamer styling will look so right on your wrist.

*Isn't it time you bought a*

**ROAMER**

*...precisely yours*



**371GW** A handsome Gold-filled gentleman's watch with a water-proof, shock-protected 17-jewelled Swiss lever movement. Stainless steel back. Fine leather strap. £14.17.6. Others from £8.

**266/ORB** An elegant 9 carat gold ladies watch fitted with the renowned 17-jewelled Swiss lever movement. Bracelet of Gold. Presented in a charming Gift case. £42. Others from £10.

OUR CARE — YOUR CONFIDENCE

# BOLS

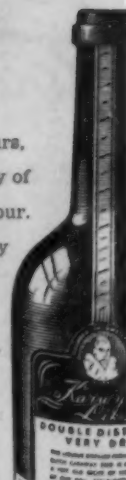
The **LEADING** name for the **FINEST** liqueurs



... the name that, to connoisseurs,  
implies just that extra quality of  
delicate perfection in flavour.

BOLS . . . the name to be quietly  
insisted upon as the  
prelude to the most  
exquisite "Kummel" ever

to delight your palate. BOLSkummel, of  
course—the liqueur beyond compare!



## BOLSKUMMEL

★ The House of Bols was founded in Amsterdam in 1575—over  
thirty years before Rembrandt was born.  
Other Bols liqueurs include Apricot Bols, Cherry Bols and  
Dry Orange Curacao.



# SMOG

## PREVENTED

by  
**PRAT-DANIEL**  
Equipment

"Smog" from smoking chimneys can be prevented  
by P-D Equipment—low resistance collectors for  
laundries—turbo collectors for factories, multi-tube  
collectors for power stations.

### ARE YOU READY?

"... dark smoke shall not be emitted from a chimney of any building,  
and if, on any day, dark smoke is so emitted, the occupier of the building  
shall be guilty of an offence."

"The occupier . . . shall use any practicable means there may be for  
minimising the emission of grit and dust from any chimney which serves  
the furnace and if he fails to do so, he shall be guilty of an offence."

*Extracts from the  
"Clean Air Bill."*

P-D Equipment is used all over the World. Please write for  
further details.

## PRAT-DANIEL (STANMORE) LTD

DALSTON GARDENS, STANMORE, MIDDLESEX



# \* Waterman's NEW Cartridge fountain pen

*You don't  
fill it -  
you load it*  
— with real ink !



**THE CARTRIDGES** Unbreakable C/F cartridges can be carried in high-flying aircraft, at sea-level or below. They're transparent so that you can see how much ink is left. When you do reload you get a full measure of Waterman's blue-black or royal blue ink, fresh and easy-flowing. Refill Cartridges are in cartons of 8 for 2/9. You can buy them in many countries throughout the world.

**GIFT CASES** The Cartridge Pen makes a magnificent gift. It comes, like the Pen and Pencil Sets, in a rich presentation case containing 8 cartridges of fresh ink.



**GIVE - MAGNIFICENTLY**



Waterman's, who invented the first practical fountain pen, now introduce the Cartridge Pen—the revolutionary C/F—which in principle, in precision, in beauty and grace is ahead of its age.

## NEVER SUCH A PEN BEFORE

You don't fill it : you load it with an unbreakable cartridge of ink. A completely dry operation—quick and clean with no surplus ink to wipe off. You could fill C/F in the dark ! As you replace the barrel the cartridge is automatically pierced and the pen writes, at once, with wonderful smoothness.

**JEWEL-LIKE** C/F, the cleverest pen in the world, is also quite the best looking. Nothing could be more elegant than its slender lines, the rich inlaying, the clip of new design.

**COSTLY** Not cheap in any sense of the word—the price is £5.15.6, or with matching pencil £7.17.6.

## LOOK - HOW IT LOOKS

**THE NIBS** 14-carat gold, diamond-dusted for super smoothness, in various writing styles.

# Waterman's C/F

## CARTRIDGE fountain pen

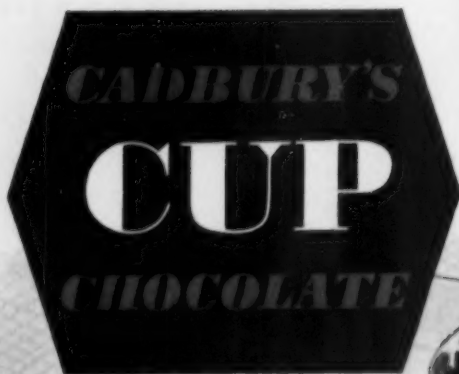
At leading stationers,  
jewellers and stores—NOW

MADE BY WATERMAN'S, MAKERS OF FINE PENS AND PENCILS FOR OVER 70 YEARS

The prices quoted are pre Autumn budget and subject to increased Purchase Tax.

**L**ovingly sprinkle these flakes  
of superb chocolate on to very warm  
milk . . . lightly stir . . . the richness, the  
perfection of true chocolate instantly  
awaits you! Surely no more luxurious,  
no more truly well-bred drink than  
Cadbury's Cup Chocolate exists!

2/6d. a half-pound



2/6d.



Chacun à son goût

B.B.C. or Commercial, you'll soon make your choice, and may the best band win.

But either way, you'll find added pleasure whether viewing or during the interval in a long 'Myers' drink —Myers and ginger ale or Myers and tonic, e.g.

**MAKE  
MINE  
MYERS**

THE DARK & MELLOW RUM PRODUCED & BOTTLED IN JAMAICA

MCN6612

**Banister,  
Walton  
build  
in  
steel**



BANISTER, WALTON & CO. LTD.  
STRUCTURAL STEEL (Riveted-Welded)  
LONDON, S.W.1-82 Victoria St.  
MANCHESTER 17-Trafford Pk.  
BIRMINGHAM 18-61/63 Western Rd.

MC N 0303

Abcde fghijk  
lmnopqrstuvwxy;

*These twenty-six  
letters contain all  
that could ever be  
said in praise of  
Punchbowl—  
all the Christmas  
Greetings it can  
convey to friends  
so delightfully—  
but they could  
never adequately  
conjure up all  
the solace, satis-  
faction and relax-  
ation which this  
grand tobacco  
yields to the  
smoker.*

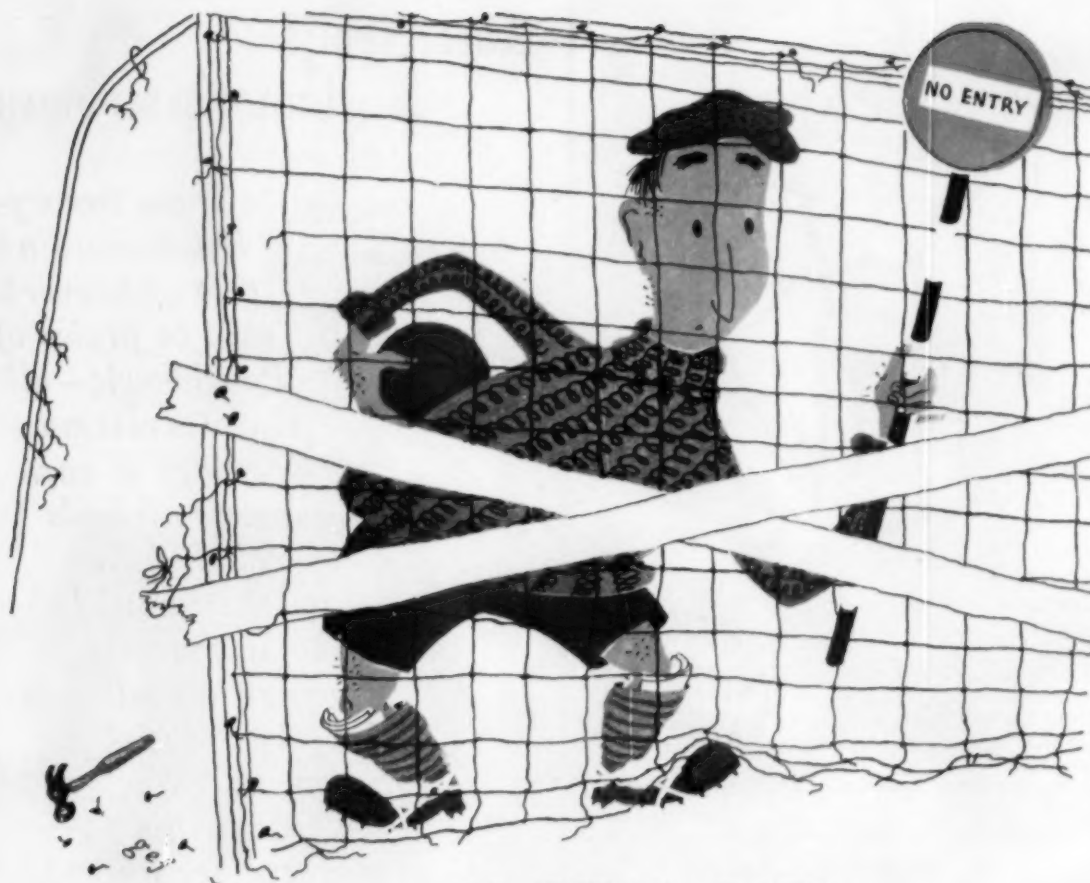
This famous tobacco is also available in two other strengths. In the mild form it is called Parson's Pleasure whilst the medium variety is known as Barney's. Each of the three strengths is priced at 4/7d. the ounce.



MADE BY **JOHN SINCLAIR LTD.**

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## PLAYING SAFE

There is no fun in having to buy tyres. What are they but circular black things with squiggles all round? No glamour\*. But they do give you a feeling of well-being once you've got them. When you *are* forced to take the plunge however, you want to be sure you don't have to take it again for a long, long time. We know that Dunlop tyres, tubeless or with tube, are the best you can buy. You have probably found

this out for yourself. It might be fun to be experimental in your choice of new tyres, but it's better to play safe . . . and choose Dunlop . . . the tyres which are chosen by the majority of British car manufacturers.



\* *NOTA BENE.* This does not apply to Dunlop White Sidewalls which are bought as a beauty treatment.

## DUNLOP TYRES